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Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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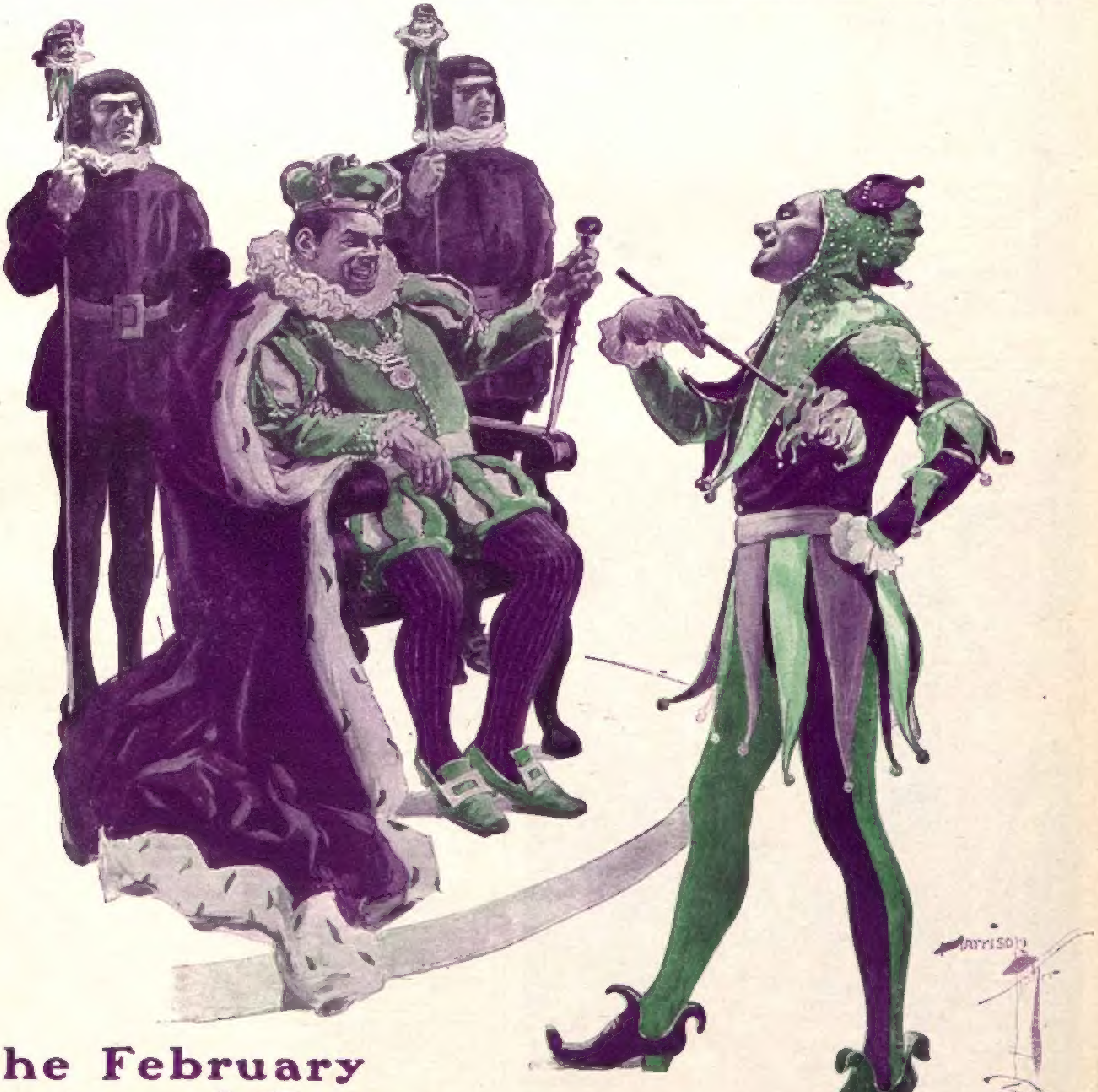

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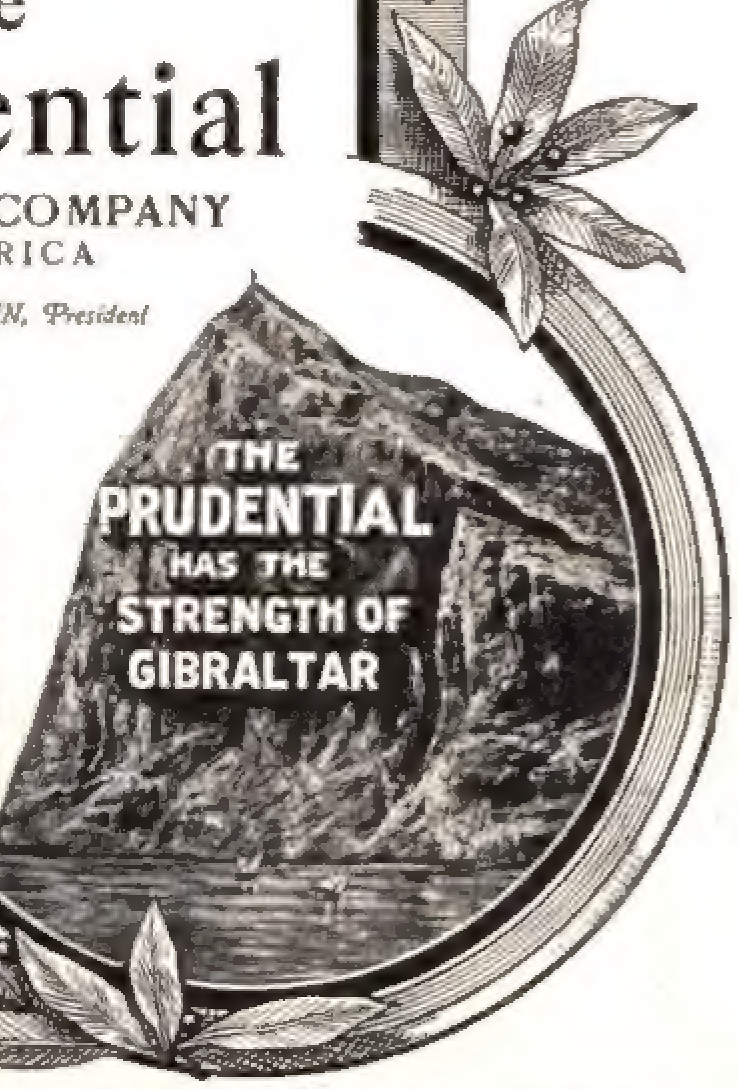
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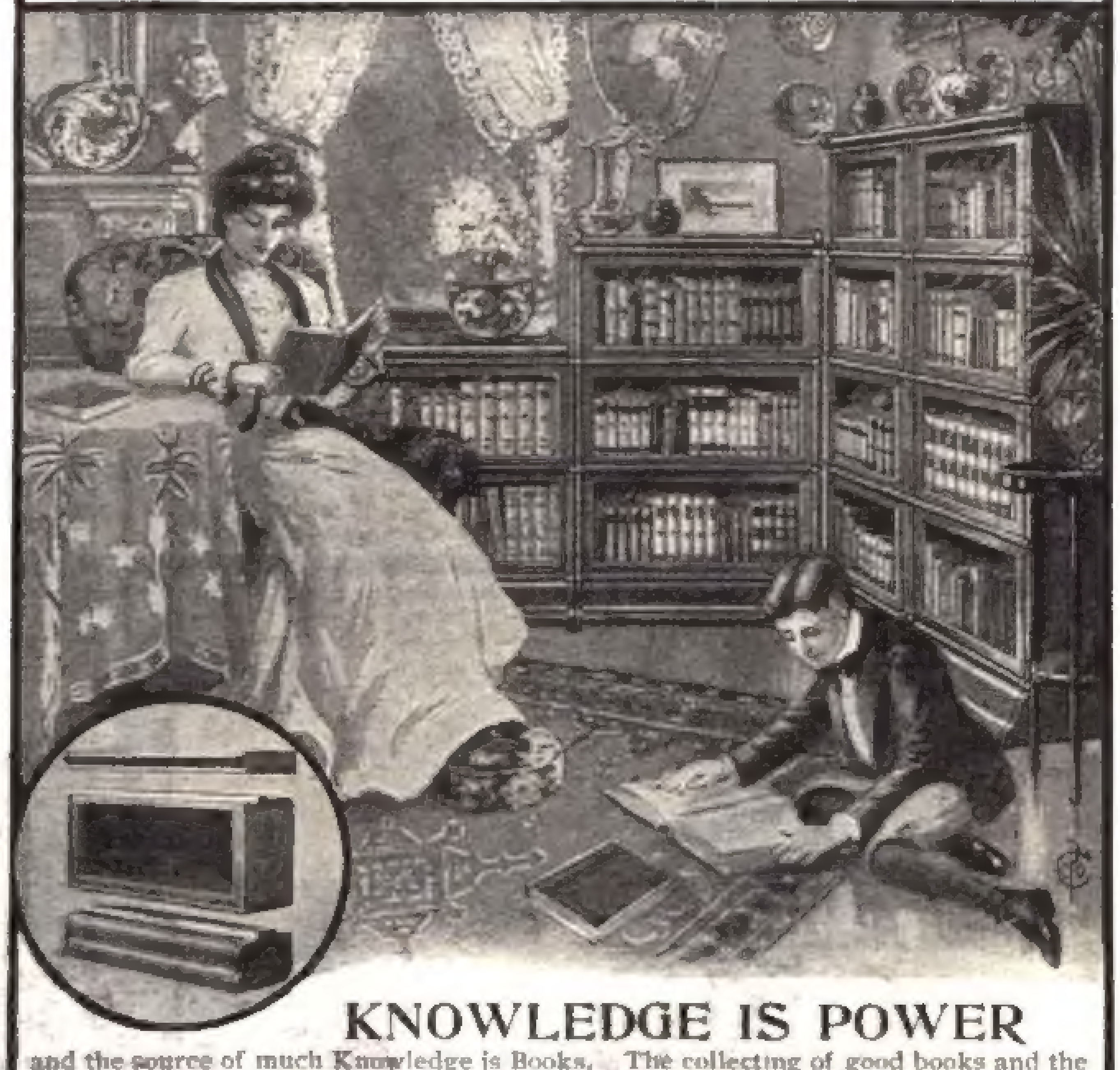

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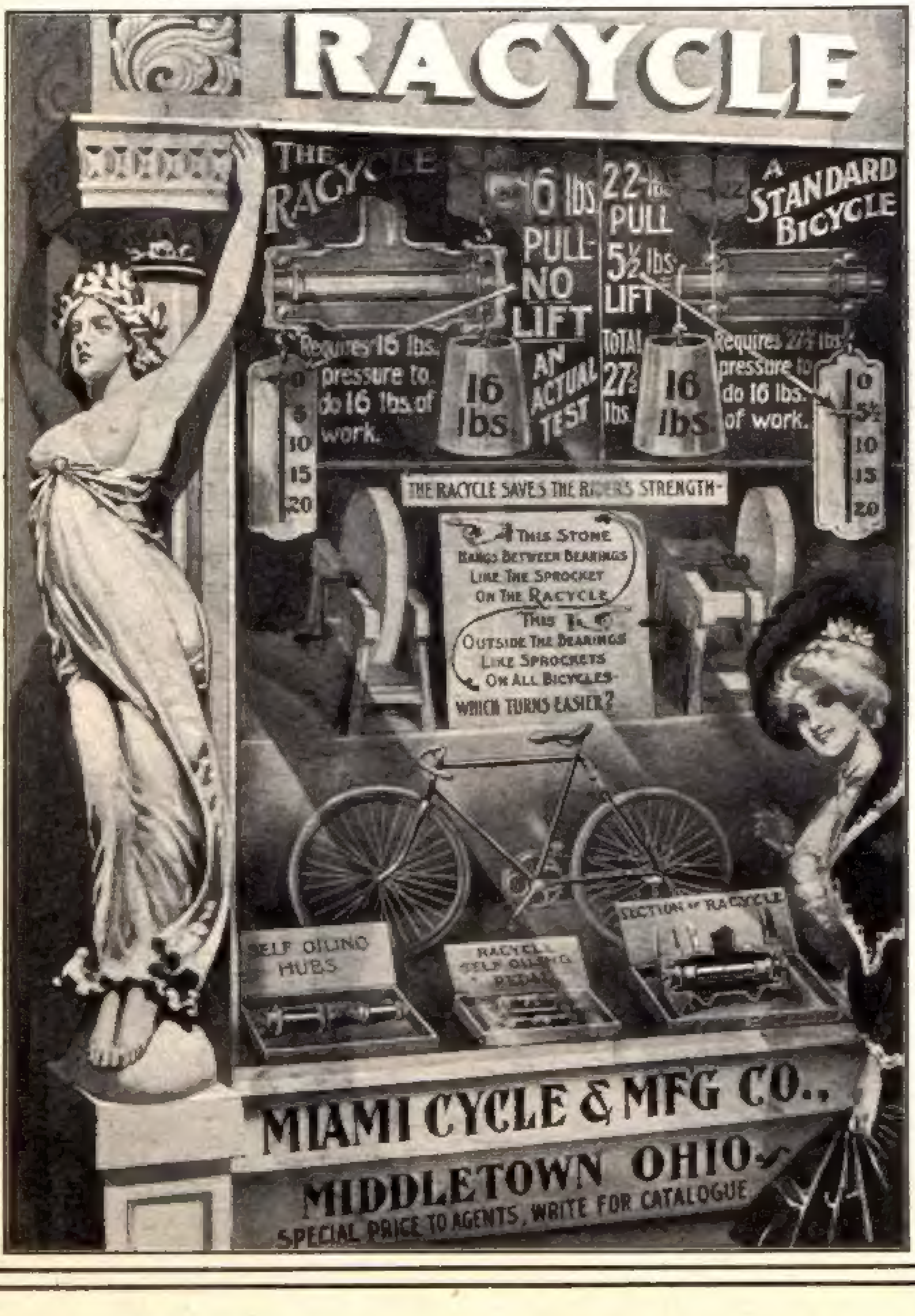
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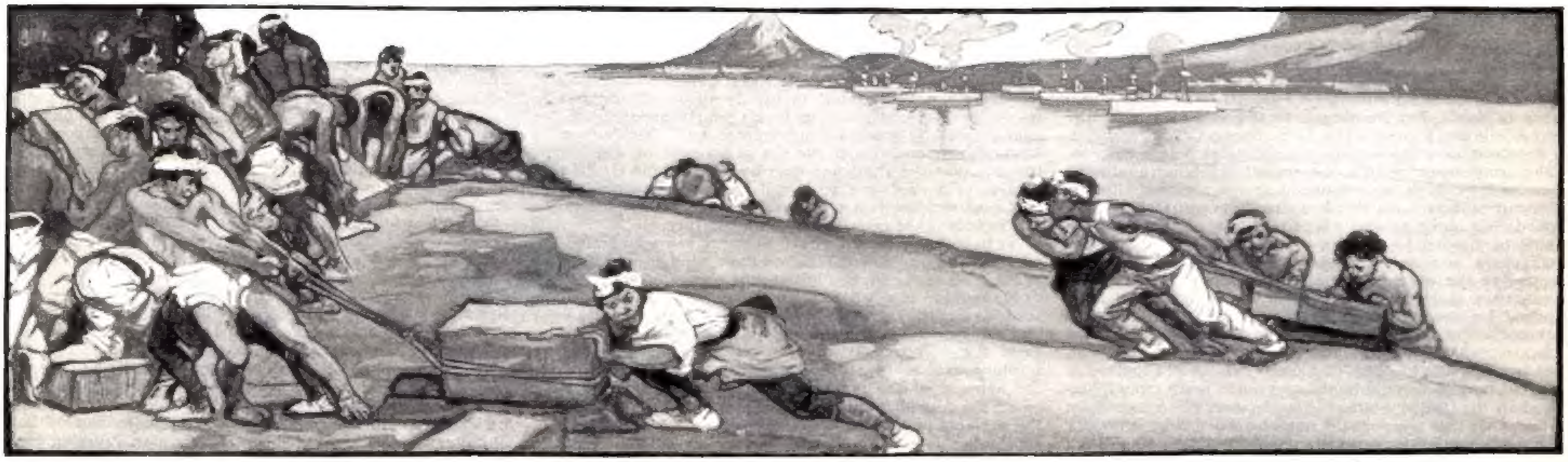
Will the Philippines Pay?



By Augustus O. Bacon, United States Senator from Georgia

THOSE who approve the acquisition of the Philippine Islands by the United States, as well as those who favor their permanent retention, are not agreed in the motives and reasons assigned therefor. Some there are who base their advocacy upon the very high ground that, in wresting these islands from the dominion of Spain, we assumed a responsibility, permanent in duration, for the maintenance of orderly government in the same, and with it an obligation, mandatory and not to be avoided, to lift these ten millions of Asiatics through educational processes, moral, religious, industrial and political, to a plane of civilization which shall approximate at least that which we have ourselves attained. Those of this mind recognize that this responsibility and this obligation must be met and discharged without flinching — even though they involve, for several generations, if not for an indefinite period, an annual expenditure of seventy-five or a hundred millions of dollars by the United States. Those of this heroically philanthropic view are not appalled either by such consideration, or by that of the no less certain consequence of the loss of the lives of many officers and soldiers of the American Army, to say nothing of the sacrifices of the vast host who will return year after year broken in health, thereafter necessarily dependent upon the public for support.

The large majority, however, base their advocacy upon the less philanthropic and more practical proposition that the possession of these islands will pay in dollars and cents. The suggestion is not without reasonable foundation, that even those who compose the minority first mentioned are deceiving themselves in their conception of their unselfish and philanthropic impulses, and that, though perhaps not fully recognized by themselves, they share with others the anticipations of golden gains, the hope of which is so candidly expressed by those of the majority.

A Glance at the Debit Side of the Ledger

It is a low plane upon which to base the judgment of the American people in regard to that which is really the weightiest and most overshadowing question of the day — whether the United States shall be permanently committed to the policy and the task of possessing and dominating trans-Pacific colonies of many millions of Asiatics in a vast and difficult territory. And yet it is difficult for one who weighs the utterances of men in every-day intercourse, as well as much of the outgivings of the press, to rid himself of the conviction that the most potent factor in determining this most pregnant question is the answer which shall be rendered to the inquiry, "Will it pay?" If the final conclusion in the public mind is that the possession of these islands will pay, and that their retention under our domination will result in profitable money return, there is reason to apprehend that the political ideals of the past hundred years will make but slow progress in the effort to secure the transfer of these islands to the dominion of their own people. These political ideals will continue to be revered in theory, but many eyes will be blind to the fact that the preservation or practical overthrow of these ideals is involved in the question.

It is a remark very frequently heard, "We have got the islands and there is no way in which we can honorably get rid of them." That remark is generally made by the inconsiderate or uninformed, or by those who for other reasons are unwilling to give them up. Whenever in the lapse of time it is shown conclusively that the continued possession of these islands will not pay from a pecuniary or business standpoint, but that, on the contrary, for an indefinite period — a period the limit of which no man can fix with any reasonable probability — their retention will, under the most favorable conditions, entail annually a net loss of many tens of millions of dollars, thus adding every year a vast sum to the more than $300,000,000 already lost by the United States on this account, there will speedily be found a way through which the connection will be sundered without dishonor to the American people. This will have a most speedy, practical demonstration if such conclusion be reached in a time of general business depression and of stringency or panic in the money market — a period the recurrence of which in the not remote future our repeated experience in the past leaves us little room to doubt.

What the Philippines Have Already Cost

Indeed a less weighty influence would accomplish such a result, for it will be recalled that, before the decision of the "Insular Cases," the statement was freely made in dominant circles that, if the Supreme Court should hold that no tariff could be imposed upon the products of the Philippine Islands when brought to the United States, we would get rid of the Archipelago. It was in the confidence that such action would promptly follow such a decision, as well as in the maintenance of what they believed to be the correct constitutional construction, that many were most anxious that the Supreme Court should so decide.

If the same care is exercised as that which is observed by men in the determination and management of their private business, the people of the United States should be able satisfactorily to answer the inquiry, "Will the Philippines pay?"

It is necessary to consider two sides of an account in order to determine where the balance shall be placed. There may be a large income, but, if the expenditure exceeds it, the balance must be on the debit side.

By many it is confidently estimated that we have already expended more that $400,000,000 on account of the Philippine Islands. There can be no doubt that the expenditure has exceeded $300,000,000. What has been the full expenditure on this account it is difficult to determine with accuracy; but it is not difficult to determine a minimum beyond which it has certainly gone. If all the expenditures, both directly and indirectly, due to our connection with the Philippines — including in this way all the expenditures which would not have been made if we had not this connection — could be accurately ascertained, the amount would far exceed that which appears as directly chargeable to that account.

For instance, it would appear at first glance that only the expenditures on account of the army actually in the Philippines should be charged against that account. But the fact is that the same soldiers cannot be kept all the time in that climate, and, in consequence, a large reserve must be kept at home with which to replace the troops which, at the end of certain periods, must be brought home for recuperation. In consequence, even if that reserve does not exceed the number of troops which would otherwise be required in the United States, the annual transportation of many thousands of troops to and from the Philippines involves an immense expenditure not only while on the Pacific, but also while on the land between the Pacific Coast and the various posts throughout the United States. Again, military service in the Philippines involves a large waste of men through death and broken health, causing vacant places which must be filled by new recruits. One man goes out and another is recruited and takes his place. The two count as one in estimating the number in the army, but the cost of recruiting, equipment and transportation to the Philippines has been that of two men instead of one.

Another illustration is found in the matter of expenditures on account of the transports other than their running expenses. These transports would be practically unknown to our service but for the Philippines. A huge sum has been expended in the purchase of ships and in refitting them for the service. When they are sold scarce fifty per cent. of this expenditure is received for them and the difference is a dead loss incurred on account of the Philippines. If the suggestion of the War Department for the sale of the transports should be adopted, and the transportation of the troops and supplies should hereafter be undertaken by the commercial lines, there will be a speedy liquidation of this loss, running up into the figures of many millions. And thus there could be specified dozens of similar classes of expenditure indirectly made, and of losses incurred, on account of the Philippines, which, if added to the direct expenditures, would enlarge the amount of the latter by many millions.

Looking Ahead for Ten Years

Thus considered, $300,000,000 is not only a conservative estimate but doubtless an underestimate in large degree of the expenditures already made by the United States on account of the Philippines. This may safely be taken as a minimum estimate in stating the account. If there were no future expenditures to be taken into the account, and expenditures already made were finally to end at this figure, there would be no reasonable ground to hope for a return of the amount from the Philippines in a generation to come. But by no means is this to be the end of the expenditure. There is well-founded reason for the belief that in ten years, if conditions continue as at present, and as those having the best opportunity to be accurately informed believe they will, this expenditure will be at least trebled. With $1,000,000,000, then, charged to the debit side of the Philippines' account, if the statements hereinafter made as to the probable business of the Archipelago are well founded, a century will not see it or any respectable proportion of it returned to the United States by any receipts of revenue of any kind from the Archipelago, or indirectly to the general public through profit derived from trade or business of any kind with the islands. That it is not practicable to estimate with accuracy the future annual expenditure of money by the United States Government which the retention of the Philippines will make necessary must, of course, be recognized. Nevertheless the minimum annual expenditure can be estimated at a figure so low as to be reliable for the purpose of the statement of this account of debit and credit.

The latest report from General Wheaton, a most able and conservative officer, is that 50,000 troops will be required in the Philippines for the next five years, and in this opinion, so far as it relates to the number of men, so many officers who have seen service in the islands agree with him as to leave little room for reasonable suggestion that it is too high; and the general expression among them is that this large army will be required, not only for five years, but for a generation. Even if this estimate is discounted and the number put at 40,000, below which practically all the officers are agreed it cannot safely be reduced, the cost directly and indirectly of that army for the Philippines will be about $60,000,000 a year. A soldier in time of war or in foreign service costs the Government about fifty per cent. more than a soldier at home in time of peace. The last analysis of all the organization, equipment and paraphernalia of the War Department is the fighting man. All the expenditures of the Department, from the salary of the Secretary of War down to the least important, at last relate to this fighting man as a conclusion. In this view the estimate is that each soldier at home in time of peace costs annually about a thousand dollars; and that in time of war and in foreign service this cost is increased to about fifteen hundred dollars. If to this there be added the many attendant expenditures above suggested and a reasonable estimate of the increased naval armament and expenditure made necessary in the Philippine service, the annual expenditures can be shown to be reasonably between $75,000,000 and $100,000,000. But, leaving out of the calculation all of the items which would thus swell it, there can be no reasonable doubt that with 40,000 soldiers in the islands the expense of the army and navy required by the Philippine service will at the lowest possible minimum be annually $60,000,000. That it will largely exceed this there is little reason to doubt, but limiting it to $60,000,000 a year, the aggregate in five years will be $300,000,000. This, added to the $300,000,000 already spent, makes a total of $600,000,000.

The army requiring this vast annual expenditure will not be needed to crush out organized armed resistance to the American authority, for that has already been nearly accomplished; but in the generally hostile temper of the Filipinos it will be needed to guard every nook and corner of the Archipelago and thus to repress the revolt which would threaten in the absence of military force. It is no reply to say that we now have a large army—one greater than is required for service in the United States—that it must be stationed somewhere and may as well be in the Philippines as elsewhere. A partial rejoinder is found in the statement already made that the cost of the army in the Philippines is much greater than would be the cost of the same army if stationed in the United States. But the complete answer is in the fact that that army would not be needed were it not for the requirement of the service in the Philippines. It will not be forgotten that, in the Fifty-sixth Congress, the argument in favor of the army bill which was most strongly pressed was that the large increase in the army was required for service in the Philippines. It was indeed practically the only argument of those who advocated the bill, as will readily be seen by reference to the published debates. That the increase was not required for domestic service is abundantly shown by the fact that the country is now getting along satisfactorily without the forty or fifty thousand soldiers now seven thousand miles away on the other side of the Pacific Ocean, a month's sail from our shores. So that it would seem to be a legitimate conclusion that the cost of the army in the Philippines is properly chargeable to the debit side of the Philippine account.

No place is given in this account to the loss of life among our trained military officers and the young men who compose the files of our army, but, limiting the consideration solely to the cold question of money, those who believe it to be from this standpoint a bad venture feel that they can with confidence challenge those who think otherwise to furnish the figures which will show how this money thus already expended, and that inevitably to be expended, can ever be repaid to the United States either in money or its equivalent.

But suppose the calculation be based upon the anticipations of the optimists that within a few years, or even immediately, the army can be reduced to twenty thousand men, there would, in five years, adding to the yearly expenditure the amount already spent, be an aggregate of $450,000,000 or $500,000,000, an amount for the repayment of which it is thought that the challenge may be safely made for the production of figures showing how it can be reasonably done.

A most serious item of expense directly chargeable to the Philippines is the certain and enormous increase in pensions to be paid. We have already sent 120,000 soldiers to the islands. Every year will add to their number and, in a few years, with each annual addition, the names of several hundred thousand men will be upon the rolls of those who have seen service there. The large majority of them will sooner or later be on the pension rolls, and properly so. Among them few will escape ultimate disease directly caused by military service in that tropical climate. If the necessity for the expense of the presence of the army there should ever cease, the cost of its maintenance will only be transferred to the payment of the increased pension rolls. That cost ever continuing for the next fifty years will in the aggregate amount to hundreds of millions of dollars. What may be expected in the way of pension claims by soldiers who serve in a tropical climate is shown in the last report of the Commissioner of Pensions. On page 47 he gives as an illustration the history of what he terms a "crack" regiment of 937 men which served in the Cuban War. He says that they were "a fine body of men," that there were no battlefield casualties, but that, when mustered out of the service, only five per cent. were in as good physical condition as at the time of enlistment, and that seventy per cent. were diseased. Of the number, 477 have filed claims for pensions, and they are doubtless entitled to receive them.

There are several ways in which expenditure on account of the Philippine Islands may be repaid if enough is secured thereby. Among them are:

1. By the acquisition of military and naval bases such as sites for garrisons, naval stations, coaling stations, etc.
2. By money directly paid to the Government.
3. Through the profits to the general public in increased trade and in the development of the productive resources of the country.

Confining the inquiry for the present to the compensation directly to the Government, the first above mentioned may here be passed without other mention than that the United States, by their selection, can in the Philippines take such harbors and sites for those purposes as they may deem proper and no one can or will say them nay; but no one will contend that the value of such sites will balance the account.

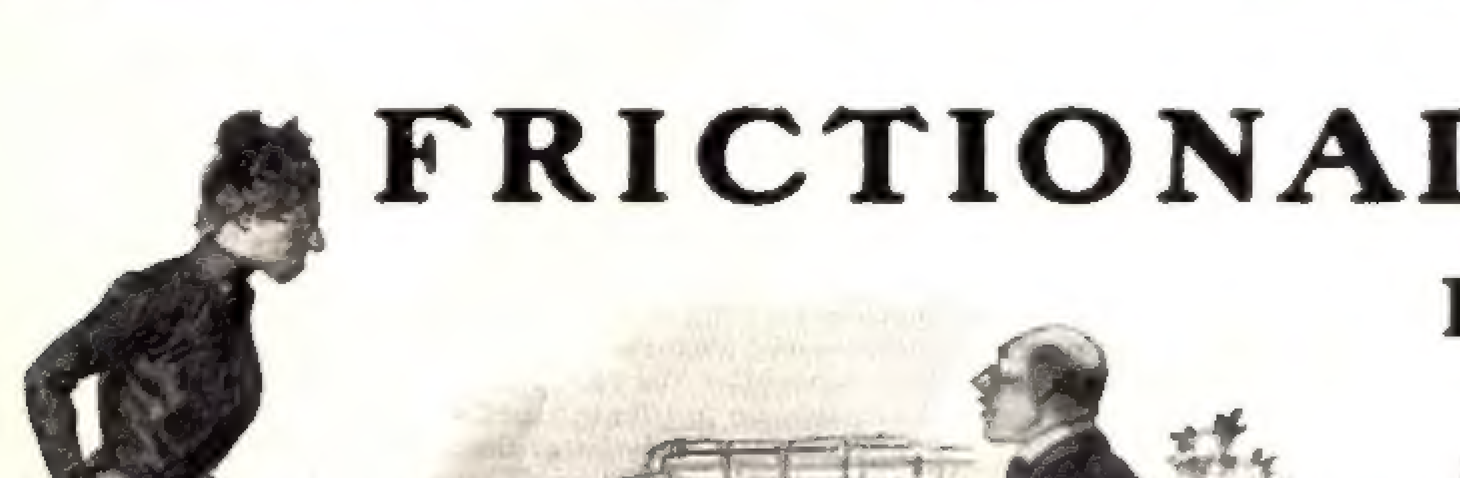
As to the subject of the compensation of a government for war expenditure, the fact is recalled that during the past year Mr. Chamberlain submitted to the House of Commons a statement of the plan for the reimbursement of the British Government for the expenditures in the Boer War by issuing bonds for the full amount which were to be entirely paid by exactions levied upon property situated within the territory formerly comprising the two South African Republics. The Government of the United States cannot in this case reimburse itself by that method. A war indemnity cannot properly be exacted from the Philippines as in the case of a defeated foreign country, and, for that and other reasons, the plan will not be at all considered by the United States. If the contrary were true, such indemnity could not be collected because the possible resources of the islands would not only be insufficient for the repayment of the hundreds of millions of dollars already expended, but by the most grinding exactions there could not annually be wrung from the Filipinos an amount sufficient to repay one-third of the sum which the United States must continue to spend on account of our possession and domination of the Philippines.

Editor's Note—This paper will be concluded next week.

FRICTIONAL ELECTRICITY

By Max Adeler

Author of Out of the Hurly-Burly



"I'm ashamed of you, Mordecai Barnes," said she. . . . "It served you right"

I HAPPENED to visit the accident-ward of St. Paracelsus' Hospital because a friend of mine who is interested in the Flower Mission asked me to stop there during my afternoon walk and give a few flowers to the sufferers.

When I had arranged the last half-dozen of the roses in a vase upon the little stand by the bedside of one bruised and battered patient, he looked at me gratefully, and said:

"Oh, thank you, sir! And would you mind, sir, stopping for a bit of talk? I'm so lonely and miserable."

I sat upon the chair by the bed and with my hand smoothed the counterpane, while the patient asked me:

"Do I really look like a burglar, sir, do you think?"

I hesitated to reply as I examined his face. It was really covered with bandages, but his nose seemed swollen and there were bruises about both eyes.

"I don't wonder you don't like to speak your mind when you see me here a broken wreck, smashed all up and not looking a bit like myself, sir. But if you would see me well and strong and all fixed up for going to church you'd say right off that I don't favor no burglar in looks."

I asked the unfortunate man his name.

"Mordecai Barnes, sir, and I'm a journeyman plumber, sir, with a good character and don't take no second place in that business with no man. How did I get here? What banged me all up into a shame and a disgrace like this? Well, I'll tell you, sir, if you have the patience to listen, for it does me good to talk who has been used so hard, and can get no attention from the nurses or nobody in this here asylum. Do you understand about frictional electricity, sir? No? I thought not; and well had it been for me, for this shattered hulk that you see a-lying here, if I had never heard of it neither! I'll tell you how it was, sir. My mate, George Watkins, and there ain't no better man nowheres if you go clear round the globe—George Watkins is one of these men with inquiring minds, always a-hungering for knowledge, and so George off he goes week after week to the lectures up at the Huxley Institute. You know it; in that yallow building over by Nonpareil Square. And George often he told me about the wonderful things he learned there, and among others he was fond of explaining to me about frictional electricity.

"It seems, sir, for you may not know it any more'n I knowed it until George explained it to me, that there's three different kinds of electricity. There's the kind you make with a steam engine, and the kind you make with acid, and the kind you make with friction. Well, sir, would you believe—or, let me say first, have you ever rubbed a black cat on the back in a dark room and seen the sparks fly? Of course, and, sir, I know it's almost beyond belief, but, positive, they told George Watkins, my mate, up at the Huxley Institute, that them sparks and the aurora borealis that you see sometimes a-lighting up the heavens is one and the same thing! Wonderful, isn't it, sir, that Science should discover that a black cat is some kind of kin to the aurora borealis? But George says that's what they said, for the aurora borealis is caused by the earth a-rolling around and rubbing the air just as the sparks is caused by stroking the cat's back.

"And George he says that this here frictional electricity is the only kind that'll cure pain. The steam-engine kind won't do it, and the acid kind won't do it, but the frictional kind'll do it every time if you only know how to apply it.

"Well, sir, now I pass to the sorrerful part of my story. There is a girl named Bella Dougherty that does housework for a man named Muffitt, and a mighty nice girl she is; or, I used to think her nice. Maybe you know where Mr. Muffitt lives, on 149th Street, just above Parvin Street, the third house on the left with white shutters.

"Anyhow, I got to be fond of Bella and often used to set and talk with her in the evenings in Mr. Muffitt's kitchen, and maybe have two or three other girls come in sometimes, with a few men; though I never cared, sir, for much flocking together at such times, for Bella Dougherty she was good enough company for me, just her and I by ourselves.

"Howsomdever, there was another man that had a kind of fancy for Bella Dougherty, although in my opinion he isn't fit to wipe her feet on, and his name is William Jones.

"This yer William Jones used to come intruding around there in Mr. Muffitt's kitchen when he wasn't wanted and when he seen that me and Bella would ruther be a-setting there by ourselves. And so, sir, one night, just to kill the time till he'd quit and go, I begun to tell them what George Watkins said to me about the Huxley Institute and frictional electricity being a sure cure for pain.

"And William Jones, a-winking at Bella Dougherty as much as to say, sir, that he'd be having the laugh on me, said he had a pain that minute in his head from neuralgia and he'd bet me a quarter no frictional electricity would drive it out. I know now what was the matter with the head of William Jones. Not neuralgia, nor nothing of the sort, sir. It was vacuum. My mate, George Watkins, tells me that at the Institute they say that vacuum always produces pain, and that was the only thing the matter with this William Jones I'm a-telling you about.

"I never take no dare, not from no man of that kind, anyways, sir, so I bet him a quarter I'd cure him, and cure him with frictional electricity, too. So he set down on the chair a-laughing and a-winking at Bella Dougherty, who set over by the range holding the quarters; and I begun to rub William Jones' eyebrows with my two thumbs; just gently, but right along just like stroking a cat; keeping it up, a-rubbing and a-rubbing, until at last I asked him how he felt now; and, can you imagine my supprise, sir, when I seen that William Jones was fast asleep! I was skeered at first; but in a minute I seen that I had hypnertized him unbeknown to myself, and there set William Jones 's if he was froze stiff.

"I wa'n't so very sorry, sir, when I found out how things was a-going, although if I could have seen what was the consequences of this strange occurrence I'd a-seized my hat and bid Bella Dougherty good-by and started straight for home.

"But, sir, of course I acted like a fool, for I'd read in the papers how a man who hypnertizes another man can make him believe anything and do anything, and so I thought I'd have some fun with William Jones and enjoy a lovely, quiet evening with Bella Dougherty.

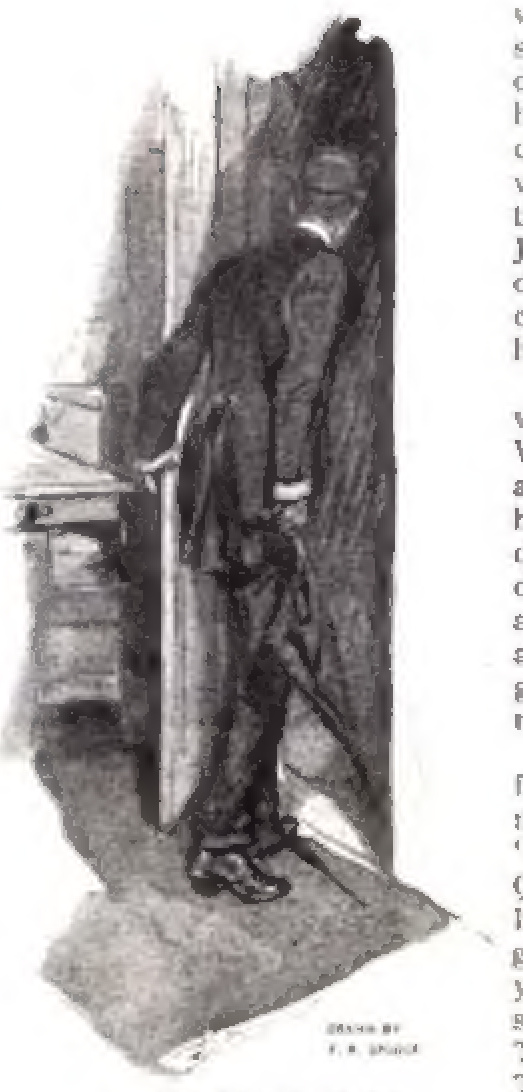
"So I says to William Jones:

"'Now, William, you're a little school-scholar oncet again and you've missed your lesson, and so you just go over there in that corner by the china closet and stand with your face to the wall and say over and over your multiplication table till you know it right.'

"And so, to the supprise of Bella Dougherty, William Jones went right over in the corner, like I told him, and there he stood, saying: 'Six sixes is thirty-six, six sevens is forty-two,' and so on, whilst I set over with Bella Dougherty peacefully enjoying ourselves just exactly 's if William Jones wasn't anywheres about.

"And so, sir, it went on until Mrs. Muffitt she come down and said to Bella Dougherty it was time to shut the house up, and then I bid her good-night and told William to go home and go straight to bed, which he did, and a-saying the multiplication table all the way down the street. He would have said it all night, sir, I do believe, if I hadn't ordered him to stop and to begin saying his prayers when I passed him in at his front door.

"You may believe me, sir, that I had William Jones on my mind all night and was a-worrying a little about him too, for fear maybe he'd never come to. So around I goes the first thing in the morning to his boarding-house, and his landlady tells me he had been a-saying his prayers all mixed up like with the multiplication table ever since he come home the night before. She was a bit troubled about it, sir, as you may imagine, for William Jones was a good boarder and it 'd 'a' been money out of her pocket if he had lost his mind.


"He kept the door open a-watching for me"

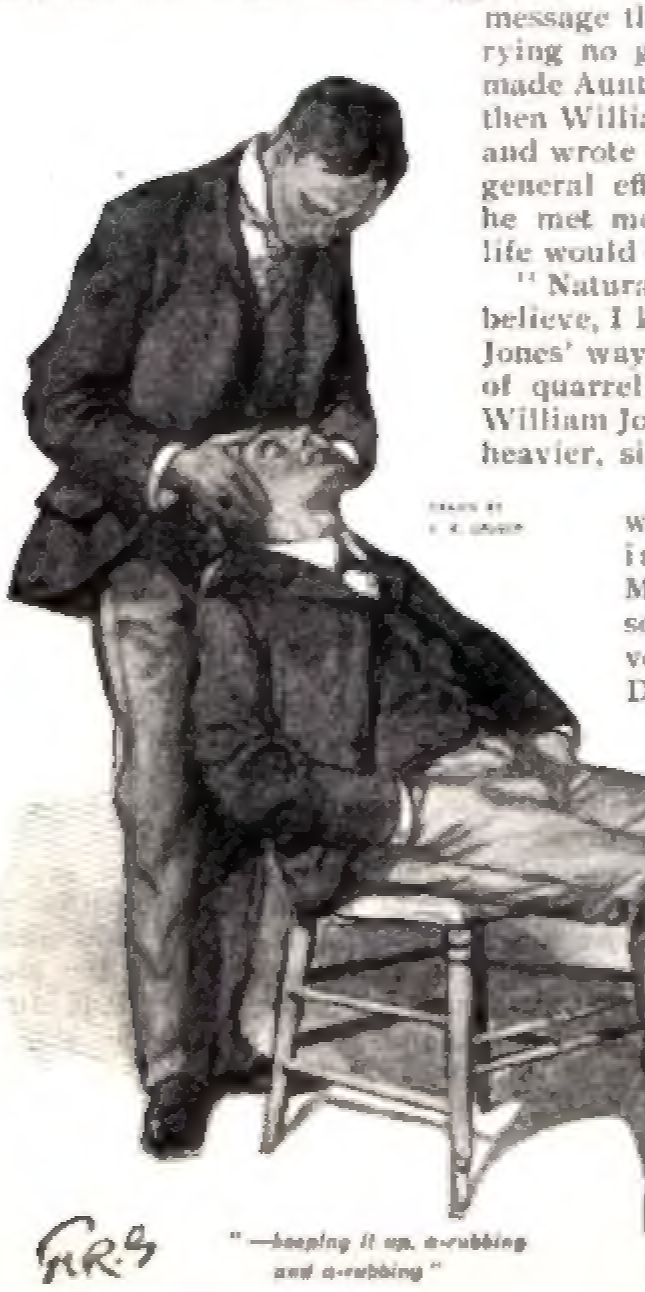
"So, then, I seen William Jones and knowed at oncet that the hypnertizing still had hold of him. Very well; I had no idea how to get him out of it and it didn't hurt him nohow, so I just commanded William Jones to drop the multiplication table and his prayers and to fix all his intellect in the regular way on plumbing; and William Jones at oncet calmed down and seemed his old self again.

"Then a wicked thought flashed into my mind. You know how it is yourself, sir; you are tempted and you are weak and you fall, and then the first thing you know, to be sure your sin'll find you out and there you are! Here I am, a shattered hulk. It suddenly occurred to me, sir, that if I could control William Jones, why not turn his affections away from Bella Dougherty, who might take a fancy to him? who knows? women are so queer! and direct his thoughts toward my own Aunt Maggie, who is a middle-aged widder and not so bad-looking, and far too good for such a man as William Jones, although to speak the plain truth I had no objections to having him for an uncle by marriage.

"Therefore I did so, sir, and before the week was out I heard that William Jones was plumbing in the most supprising manner, plumbing here and plumbing there, and paying attentions vigorously, so to speak, to Aunt Maggie every evening.

"In the meantime, sir, believe me, I did not lose time in my suit with Bella Dougherty, who seemed real mad at William Jones when people began to talk about his courting Aunt Maggie, so that in less than two weeks, when Bella Dougherty heard that William Jones and Aunt Maggie had agreed to marry, I got Bella Dougherty about as good as to say, although she never quite said it square, that she would have me.

"I never knowed how it happened, sir, whether somebody waked William Jones up or he just come to by himself, but, sir, anyhow, William Jones about that time dropped hypnertism and was himself again. Imagine, sir, how things stood! There never was a man as mad as William Jones; mad with me, and mad with Aunt Maggie, to whom he sent a cruel message that he wa'n't marrying no grandmas and that made Aunt Maggie mad; and then William Jones set down and wrote me a letter to the general effect that whenever he met me my course in this life would be short.


"—keeping it up, a-rubbing and a-rubbing"

"Naturally, sir, as you may believe, I kept out of William Jones' way, for I am not fond of quarreling, and besides, William Jones is forty pounds heavier, sir, than I am.

"But one night while I was setting in the kitchen at Muffitt's, having some uplifting conversation with Bella Dougherty, there was a sudden knock on the side door, and up she jumps, pale and skeered, and says: 'I do believe that is William Jones. He said he might call, maybe, this evening!' So, of course, as I never hunt trouble, I raised the window-sash over by the kitchen table at the back and went out just as William Jones come in the side door. He kept the door open a-watching for me, and so as I couldn't get to the gate I climbed over the high fence into the next yard.

"I ought to have gone right home, sir, without stopping, but I hated to leave William Jones there with Bella Dougherty, and me just driven out; so, as it was raining hard and I had on my Sunday suit, what does I do but try the latch on the kitchen door of the house next to Mr. Muffitt's, and finding the door opened, in I walked and set down in a chair to await what was going to happen. That was a bad job for me, sir! It isn't safe to take one false step.

"For the next minute the inside door from the dining-room springs open and a man jumps out and grabs me and says: 'I've got thee at last, have I!' He was a Quaker, sir; a big man and with a grip like iron. I never knowed a man with a grip like that. Did you ever, sir, have your fingers in the crack of a door and somebody a-leaning hard on the door? That was the way this Quaker held me. Then he calls out 'Amelia! Amelia!' and in a minute a sweet old Quaker lady comes out with a candle, and he says to her: 'I've caught that burglar, Amelia; thee get the clothes-line.'"

"So the lady she gets the clothes-line and that man he ties my hands and my arms behind my back, good and tight, and then he made me set down and he ties me to the chair, and at last he gives the rope two or three turns around the leg of the kitchen table and says to me: 'Friend, thee can just set there while I go to get an officer!' Gave me no chance to explain. Took it all for granted; whereas if he would have listened to me I could have cleared up the whole mystery in two minutes.

"So then, sir, out he goes for a policeman, and the old lady sets down in a chair not far from me and said she was sorry I was so wicked and asked me about my mother, and if I ever went to First-Day school, and a whole lot of things. Then a thought seemed to strike her and she went into the next room and came back with a book in her hand, and she said she would read a good book to me while we waited for justice to take its course.

"She was lovely to look at, sir, with her tidy brown frock and the crape handkerchief folded acrost her bosom and her cap and the smile on her face; a sweet face, sir; an angel face; yes, sir; but sweet faces often has cruel dispositions behind them. For then she told me that the book was called Barclay's Apology for the People called Quakers, or something like that, and she began to read it to me.

"Have you ever read that book, sir? It is dedicated, I think, to Charles the Second, and it begins with Fifteen Propositions and she read every one of them Propositions from first to last. Then she turned to the section, sir, about Salutations and Recreations, and she read and read and read until, sir, actually it made my head swim.

"Do you know, sir, is Barclay still alive—the man who wrote that book? Is there no way of getting even with him?

"I couldn't get away. I might have walked out somehow with the chair fastened to me; but I couldn't go, could I, sir, with the table tied to my leg, and particularly if I had to climb the fence? So I had to set there and be regarded as a burglar.

"But at last I *would* be heard, and I told her I was no burglar but an innercent man; and then she looked in the index to find if Barclay had anything interesting to say about the wickedness of telling falsehoods. And then I said I was a member of the Baptist Society and she said at once she would read Barclay on the errors of that sect; but I insisted on being heard, and I explained to her that I got into this trouble by trying to cure William Jones by frictional electricity, and she said: 'Thee has an ingenious and fruitful mind to invent such a story. Oh, that it had been turned to better devices than following a life of evil!'

"'And it seems hard, too,' I said, 'that a perfectly respectable Baptist plumber should be arrested as a burglar simply because he tried to relieve the pain of William Jones by a scientific method invented by the Huxley Institute.'

"'Where is thy friend William Jones?' she asked.

"Do you know, sir, at that very moment you could hear through the partition William Jones and Bella Dougherty laughing next door! It seemed like mockery to me, a-setting there in chains, so to speak.

"'He is next door, ma'am,' I said, 'a-courting the hired girl.'

"'I will prove if thee is telling the truth,' she said, and she got up and moved toward the door.

"'No, ma'am, no!' I said; 'please don't do that! William mustn't know that I am here;' and so she comes back and sets down again, and picks up Barclay, and looks sorrerful at me, and says:

"'It is wicked for thee to have such vain imaginations. Why does thee persist in pretending that there is a William Jones?' And then she started to look through Barclay to find if he had anything that would fit the William Jones part of the case.

"What could I do? I daresn't call in William Jones to prove my innercence; he was mad all over at me and a bigger man, too, and here I was tied; and I couldn't call Bella Dougherty without William Jones knowing it. It was hard, sir, for a man as innercent as a little babe to set there with that sweet and smooth old lady considering him a shameless story-teller and firing Barclay at him, now wasn't it, sir? Would you have called William Jones, sir, under them there circumstances and his laughter and Bella Dougherty's still a-resounding through the partition?

"Well, sir, that policeman was a long time a-coming with the old Quaker. I never knowed why; but Friend Amelia she set down again and turned over the leaves of Barclay and begun oncet more to read about Salutations and Recreations while, strange as it may seem to you, sir, I felt that I'd ruther see the policeman and be locked up in a dungeon than to hear more of it.

"But, howsomdever, after a while in comes the Quaker and the officer with him and the very first minute the officer seen me he says:

"'I reckernize him as an old offender.'

"'No you don't!' says I; 'I'm no old offender nor a young offender. I'm a perfeckly honest Baptist plumber and I kin prove it, too.'

"'How kin you prove it?' says the officer.

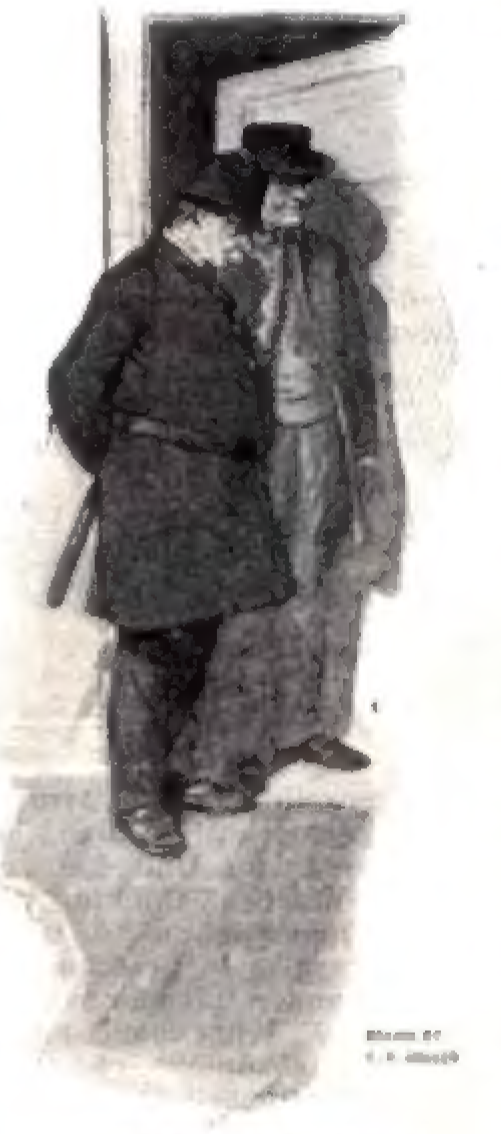
"'By William Jones,' says I, 'who is a-setting in that kitchen right next door, a-wooing the hired girl.'

"I was bold about it, sir, because I knowed William Jones daresn't strike at me while the officer was there.

"'We'll see about that,' says the officer, and in he goes to Mr. Muffitt's yard next door and comes back with William Jones. I have no use for a man like William Jones. What do you think he does, sir? Why, he looks me over, from head to foot, in a blank sort of a way and then, turning to the policeman, he says: 'I don't know the man, officer; never seen him before;' then that low-down plumber walks out and leaves me there and goes back, and in a minute I hear him and Bella Dougherty a-laughing worse than ever.

"'I thought not,' says the officer, slipping the handcuffs on me, 'and so now you come right along.' And Friend Amelia looked mournful at me and says to me she would come around regular and read Barclay to me in my cell after I was convicted.

"And so, sir, to make a long story short, I was took up before the magistrate and held for burglary, and my mate, George Watkins, went my bail and so I was let go.


"—in comes the Quaker and the officer with him"

"I might stop here, sir, but I must tell you that the following Thursday I met William Jones up a kind of a blind alley where I was working while he was working in a house on the opposite side. He had me in a corner where there was no chance to run, so I put on a bold face and went right up to him and says:

"'William, there's been some differences betwixt us, but I'm not the man to bear grudges and I forgive you.'

"'What's that?' says he, savage.

"'Why,' says I, 'the whole thing is just one of them unpleasant misunderstandings,' and then I started to explain to him about the Huxley Institute theory of frictional electricity and the aurora borealis.

"I can't tell you what he said, sir, in reply, with reference to the aurora borealis, because I'm a decent man and never use no low language; but suddenly he jumped on me, and the first thing I knowed I was being lifted in the ambulance and fetched to this yer hospital. Was it right, sir, do you think, for William Jones to strike me foul, like that, while I was trying to state my case to him? No, sir. But that's not the worst of it. Last Tuesday word came to me that Bella Dougherty had throwed me over and is going to marry William Jones on Decoration Day! Think of that, sir!" and Mordecai Barnes turned his head upon his pillow and moaned.

Turning again toward me, he was about to resume his statement, when suddenly he exclaimed:

"Why, there's Aunt Maggie."

A woman of fifty years, nicely clad, came to the bedside and said to him coldly:

"Is that you, Mordecai Barnes?"

"Yes, Aunt Maggie."

"I'm ashamed of you, Mordecai Barnes," said she; "ashamed of you. It served you right. You got just what was comin' to you. I wish William had banged you worse."

Mordecai Barnes groaned.

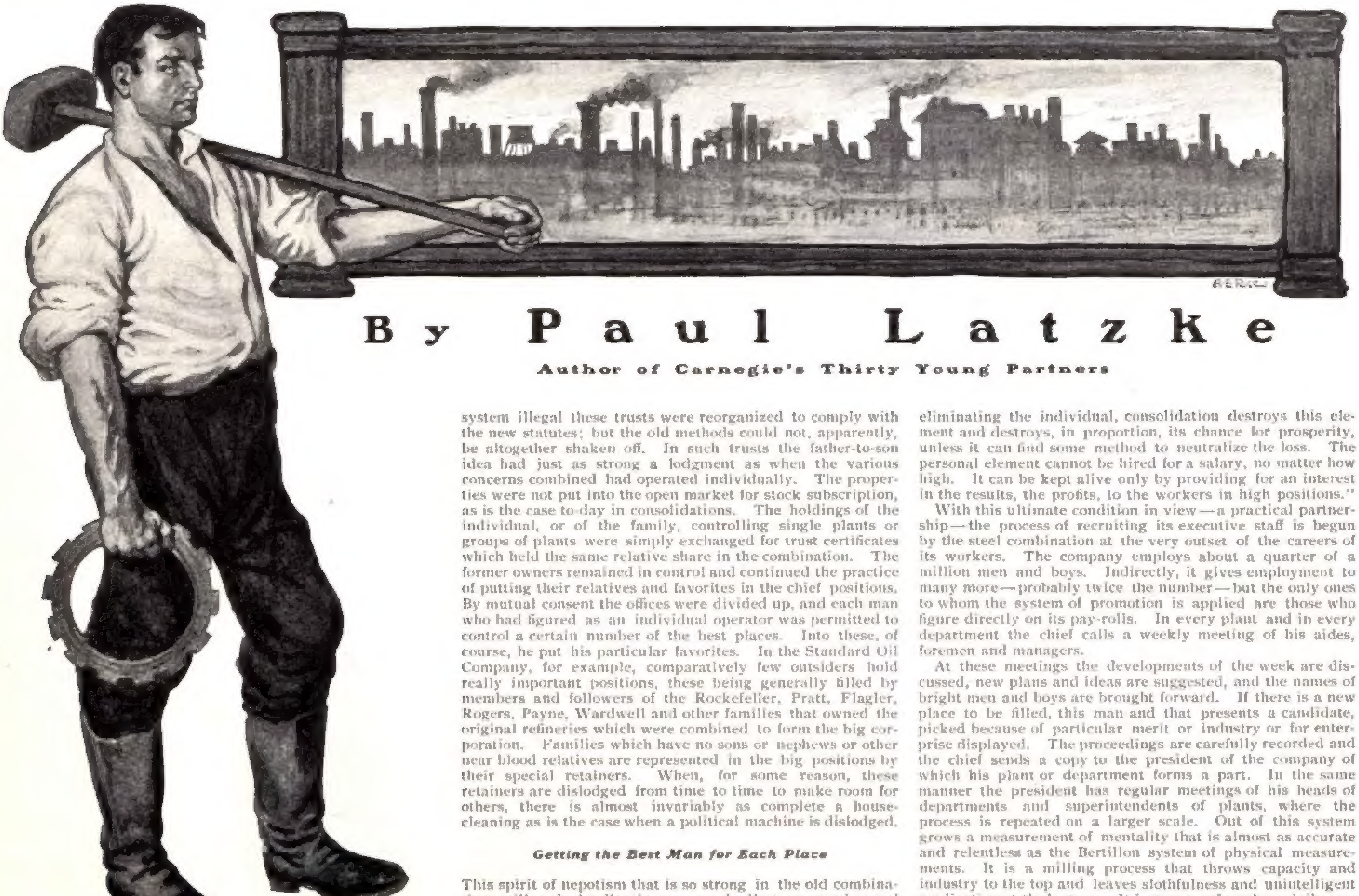
"And more than that," continued Aunt Maggie, glaring at him through her spectacles, "I've torn up my old will which named you my sole heir and made a new one and left all my property to this yer very hospital."

With these words Aunt Maggie walked away and left the room.

Mordecai Barnes could not speak for a few minutes. He looked as if death would be welcome. Then, pulling the bedclothes up under his chin and closing his eyes wearily, he said:

"Curse the day, say I, when George Watkins first went to the Huxley Institute and heard about frictional electricity."

HOW TRUSTS PROMOTE MEN



By Paul Latzke

Author of Carnegie's Thirty Young Partners

THE new era of business, the consolidation, the "trust" as it is popularly though erroneously called, has passed the experimental stage in the United States. It is here to stay; on that point most practical, thinking men are agreed. It has become too important as a trade-compelling factor in the world's markets to be set aside. How is the young man going to fare under this new system? What are the trusts doing to help him? What chance has he who starts in business life to-day as the employee of a trust, without influence or favor, to make for himself a position in the world and to accumulate a fortune?

There is a considerable element in the community who declare that he has no chance, or practically none. They say that because the trust is superseding the individual owner it is concentrating wealth in the hands of the few and binding down the mass of workers to a condition of perpetual servitude. Because no man may start out independently in any line controlled by these great consolidations unless he has command of unlimited capital, these people insist that our young men must forever remain apprentices and journeymen to the millionaires and be mere machines for grinding out more money for their masters.

The Passing of the Old-Time System

An impartial investigation will prove that this is not true; that, on the whole, the advent of the modern consolidation, instead of destroying the young man's chances, has very materially improved them. Though a few of the older concerns, like the Standard Oil Company, the Leather Trust and the Sugar Trust, may curtail the opportunities of their employees for independent advancement, the new consolidations, almost without exception, are operating on different lines in this regard. Controlling enterprises that are vastly greater than would ever have been possible under the old individual business system, they appreciate their greater dependence, proportionately, upon expert servants.

Under the old system a business was generally a father-to-son affair, as it is to-day, in effect, in the old-line corporations I have mentioned. These concerns were organized under the old trust scheme, which had for its basic principles the restriction of output, the increase of price, and the throttling of competition by buying up opposing concerns in order to shut them down. When the law stepped in to declare this system illegal these trusts were reorganized to comply with the new statutes; but the old methods could not, apparently, be altogether shaken off. In such trusts the father-to-son idea had just as strong a lodgment as when the various concerns combined had operated individually. The properties were not put into the open market for stock subscription, as is the case to-day in consolidations. The holdings of the individual, or of the family, controlling single plants or groups of plants were simply exchanged for trust certificates which held the same relative share in the combination. The former owners remained in control and continued the practice of putting their relatives and favorites in the chief positions. By mutual consent the offices were divided up, and each man who had figured as an individual operator was permitted to control a certain number of the best places. Into these, of course, he put his particular favorites. In the Standard Oil Company, for example, comparatively few outsiders hold really important positions, these being generally filled by members and followers of the Rockefeller, Pratt, Flagler, Rogers, Payne, Wardwell and other families that owned the original refineries which were combined to form the big corporation. Families which have no sons or nephews or other near blood relatives are represented in the big positions by their special retainers. When, for some reason, these retainers are dislodged from time to time to make room for others, there is almost invariably as complete a house-cleaning as is the case when a political machine is dislodged.

Getting the Best Man for Each Place

This spirit of nepotism that is so strong in the old combinations will undoubtedly give way gradually to more advanced ideas. Its prevalence is responsible for the general impression as to the restricted opportunities for young men under the modern business development. People have not yet learned the difference between the new and the old combinations any more than they appreciate the difference between the consolidation and the trust. When consolidations are effected, as they are to-day, by underwriting syndicates that take over the properties, organize a company, and put the securities of this company on the open market for public subscription, control is of necessity divided and the number of stockholders is enormously increased.

This modern idea of consolidation is, as yet, very young; but already it has been worked out to a very marked extent, so that even to-day few of the newer enterprises are found under the direction of rich men's sons, as in the past. The president and other executives are generally men who have worked their way up from the ranks. And, recognizing the necessity for the continuance of this condition, these big concerns are systematically at work sifting and sifting their employees, and are constantly and eagerly on the lookout for the right sort of material. Out of this general sifting has grown a system that is certain to bring forward, sooner or later, every promising lad — to give him opportunities that, under individual ownership, were very generally denied him in favor of the "old man's" relatives.

Probably the highest type of this sifting process is found in the United States Steel Corporation, the huge concern formed in February of last year, with a capitalization of one billion four hundred million dollars. Before this consolidation was effected only one of the constituent concerns, the Carnegie Steel Company, had any method for systematic promotion. With that company a system had been worked out to the highest degree and had been in force for many years. It had brought into the controlling positions of the company a small army of brilliant experts, a coterie of steel workers conceded to be the most successful in the world. It was they who built up the enormous fortune enjoyed by Mr. Carnegie, enabling that gentleman to retire years ago from active participation in the affairs of the company, leaving the burden of work and responsibility entirely on the shoulders of his partners. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation, was himself a product of the system, and when he came to the control of the greater concern, which had been established along the lines laid out by him, he began at once to organize in all the companies the same plan that had made the Carnegie Steel Company so powerful.

"The personal element," Mr. Schwab said recently, "is one of the most important requisites for business success. By eliminating the individual, consolidation destroys this element and destroys, in proportion, its chance for prosperity, unless it can find some method to neutralize the loss. The personal element cannot be hired for a salary, no matter how high. It can be kept alive only by providing for an interest in the results, the profits, to the workers in high positions."

With this ultimate condition in view — a practical partnership — the process of recruiting its executive staff is begun by the steel combination at the very outset of the careers of its workers. The company employs about a quarter of a million men and boys. Indirectly, it gives employment to many more — probably twice the number — but the only ones to whom the system of promotion is applied are those who figure directly on its pay-rolls. In every plant and in every department the chief calls a weekly meeting of his aides, foremen and managers.

At these meetings the developments of the week are discussed, new plans and ideas are suggested, and the names of bright men and boys are brought forward. If there is a new place to be filled, this man and that presents a candidate, picked because of particular merit or industry or for enterprise displayed. The proceedings are carefully recorded and the chief sends a copy to the president of the company of which his plant or department forms a part. In the same manner the president has regular meetings of his heads of departments and superintendents of plants, where the process is repeated on a larger scale. Out of this system grows a measurement of mentality that is almost as accurate and relentless as the Bertillon system of physical measurements. It is a milling process that throws capacity and industry to the top and leaves slothfulness and unintelligent application at the bottom. It is more perfect than civil service because it recognizes only practical results. It gives the corporation a great company of splendidly equipped recruits to draw on for officers, and it gives the employees an opportunity to show the metal that is in them.

It stands to reason, of course, that the system is not perfect and that the reward of merit is not inevitably the ideal one. So long as human nature continues to be as it is to-day, no system of advancement, no matter how perfect, will operate with absolute justice. There are jealousies and bickerings in a large concern as well as in a small; probably more, in proportion, because the prize in sight is so very much greater. There are "office politics" in a department that counts its employees by the hundreds, as well as in the one that counts them by tens. A foreman having an assistant whom he realizes to be brighter than himself is often not inclined to push him duly to the front, fearing for his own place and jealous of the possible advancement of the other man. So, too, with superintendents and those higher up. Instead of bringing their very best man forward, they may do everything in their power to keep him back. But Mr. Schwab does not consider this condition a serious drawback, but the reverse. In discussing the matter he said to me:

Office Politics No Bar to Advancement

"I do not know anything that is better qualified to aid in the process of selection, and to make the choice nearly perfect, than the fact that jealousy *does* exist and that it *does* throw obstacles in the path of progress. It brings out the combative and diplomatic qualities. A foreman or a superintendent or a manager who sees that the assistant he himself picked out is brighter than himself, and that the assistant is more than likely to jump over his head through sheer merit, may, if he is that kind of man, do what he can to keep this assistant in the background. But he can do this only by a series of misrepresentations which, sooner or later, react. Nothing so redounds to the credit of a man in any position as the discovery that he has been lied about and misrepresented. It puts him at once in the front rank, as lies and misrepresentations will always do sooner or later. It is simply a question of hanging on and going ahead and doing your duty regardless of injustice. It is my firm conviction that no man who truly deserved success ever had it withheld because of jealousy or 'politics.' There are lots of people who may think injustice has been done them along these lines, and that their careers have been hampered and their deserts withheld. But inquiry will prove that they lacked some of the essentials that make for positive success. Public estimation may judge a man wrongly, but people who know him intimately are bound always to do him justice in the end. And it is the people who know him intimately on whom the young man must depend for advancement. With us, experience shows that the danger lies, not in the keeping back of good men, but rather in the effort of our individual managers to retain the services of these men in their own departments. We are forever coming across cases where the heads of various departments are trying to get good men away from the heads of other departments."

A Trust that Uses Only Practical Men

The "Tobacco Trust," as it is generally known, occupies a number of floors in one of the largest buildings in New York City. Its plants are scattered all over this country and recently it has invaded Europe, where it has secured control of a number of leading concerns. Its success, which has been phenomenal, is due undoubtedly to the fact that it has recognized in a substantial form the services of its employees. With the exception of Mr. James B. Duke, the president, all the other officers and the heads of the departments are young men who, a few years ago, were managers, clerks or factory hands. Mr. Duke was the head of one of the great tobacco manufacturing concerns of the world. When the consolidation of industries was effected he was elected to the presidency. At first he was surrounded by vice-presidents, secretaries and treasurers selected from among the heads of the other houses that had gone into the consolidation; generally men who had grown gray and wealthy in the business. Under the new conditions they saw their way clear to retiring very soon after the organization was effected, and in choosing successors Mr. Duke went to the ranks, picking out superintendents of factories, heads of departments, and other practical workers. Under this policy the business of the consolidation, which had met with wavering success, went steadily ahead, and came soon to be on such a solid foundation that the trust could venture to go abroad in an effort to control the business there.

As soon as he had demonstrated by results the value of putting bright employees in the highest executive positions, Mr. Duke inaugurated a system that should continue to provide indefinitely a supply of available men. The working of this system was explained to me by one of the vice-presidents of the company, a young man who, at thirty-six, is in the enjoyment of an income that will make him a millionaire in a comparatively few years. He has not alone a large salary, but, as a recognition of his ability, has also a substantial share in the stock, which he was permitted, by the directors of the concern, to purchase on a system of easy payments.

"We have," said he, "no written reports, and nothing like an eligible list on paper. Nevertheless, though our employees number fifty thousand, there is not one of them who is not under close observation, and as soon as he shows special talent he is shoved along. He may be an office boy, a clerk, a worker at a cigarette or cigar machine; he may be an assistant foreman, or a foreman, or a superintendent; we know when he is capable of better things and give him an opportunity to fill the job that lies just ahead.

"Here is an illustration. It was decided recently to establish a new department, involving the expenditure of millions of money. Instead of putting a director's son, or nephew, or other relative in this new position, as would have been the case formerly when it was a question of 'pull' and not merit, the company sent down South and brought up the superintendent of a comparatively obscure factory. This man had never had any practical experience in the particular line which he was to take over when he appeared. But he had demonstrated his capacity for handling men by doing away entirely with the troubles that had come to the surface from time to time in his factory under other superintendents. He had increased the profitableness of the business nearly fifty per cent. He had effected economies in management without cutting wages or salaries. He had introduced new and telling methods. Moreover, he was young, an exceedingly valuable qualification in these days when you have to hustle for business if you don't want to get left. He had not hesitated to strike out into new lines where it took courage and foresight. He had, then, originality, boldness, energy, shrewdness and executive ability, a combination that cannot fail wherever you put it. In his new position this man will make a great success; of that there is no question.

How the System Works Backward

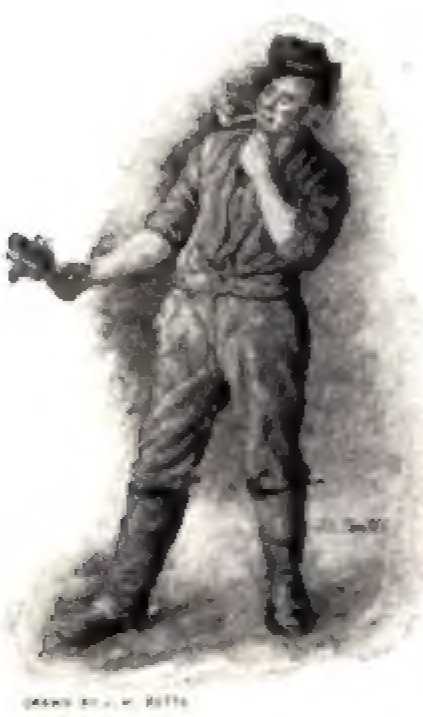
"Now, then, this is the way the system works backward. Without telling him for what particular line of work he would be wanted, he was told six months ago that at a certain date he would be required to locate in New York, and that the company would look to him to have some one ready to take his place at the factory. His instructions were to pick out the man at once from among his forces, and to inform this office of his choice, and of the qualifications and record of the candidate. He replied promptly that he would be ready and that he should select for the new superintendent his assistant, a young man who had been in the factory from boyhood. The record that he gave of this man's work proving satisfactory, the choice was ratified, and the new superintendent was appointed on probation. It will depend upon himself whether he holds the place for good. He will be given full power and every opportunity to get the best results. He is personally unknown in this office and without influence or favor. At the outset he will be instructed to have some one drilled and ready to take his place should he be called elsewhere. It will be just as much a part of his duty to have such a person at hand as it will be to turn out the product of his factory. Unless there is some good reason to the contrary, the new assistant will be one of the men who are now employed as foremen in the place, though this is not a hard and fast rule. If a better man exists in the ranks of the assistant foremen, or even among the machine workers, that man will be satisfactory to the home office. There is only one essential: he must be a young man. It is our theory that a man who has not demonstrated his ability for advancement at or about thirty has not in him the elements essential to success in important executive positions."

How the "Paper Trust" Promotes

In the International Paper Company (the "Paper Trust") very much the same plan is pursued. When the consolidation was formed the most progressive men among the individual mill owners were elected to the chief executive positions. But as these men retire their places are filled from the ranks. The plants, formerly conducted by the owners, are now, almost without exception, under the control of managers who previous to the consolidation were simply factory superintendents or foremen, with little or no power and less chance of promotion. As vacancies occur among the mill managers by promotion or otherwise, other men in the ranks are moved up, the operator of a smaller mill going to the next one ahead, the foreman in the small mill being advanced to the vacated post. It is the fixed policy of the company not to go outside of the ranks of its employees when filling new positions or offices, no matter how high. It is a steady promotion from below, and as a result there is no chance for a director's son or an officer's nephew to slide into a soft place over the heads of the workers, as was too often the case under the former state of affairs. The president of the company, Mr. Hugh J. Chisholm, was, before consolidation, like Mr. Duke, at the head of a big individual concern. The company has a highly perfected organization, the supreme control resting in the board of directors, a majority of whom are the men who formerly owned the mills and other properties that make up the consolidation. There is a Department of Manufacturing, a Department of Construction and Maintenance, one of Woodlands, one of Transportation, and a Purchasing Department, and others, presided over by practical men, all selected on account of their special fitness for the positions they hold. Each man has a competent assistant, similarly selected, and, under these, the work is subdivided until everything works with absolute smoothness, from the felling of the trees in the far-away Canadian and Maine woods to the marketing of the finished paper in the chief selling centres. Altogether, the company employs something like twelve thousand people, and it is the boast of the managers that they have at all times men ready and competent to fill all the positions from that of the president down.

When O'Connor Draws His Pay

By Holman F. Day—Author of Up in Maine



Men who plough the sea, spend they may — and free,
But nowhere is there prodigal among those careless Jacks
Who will toss the hard-won spoil of a year of lusty toil
Like the Prodigals of Pickpole and the Ishmaels of the Ax.

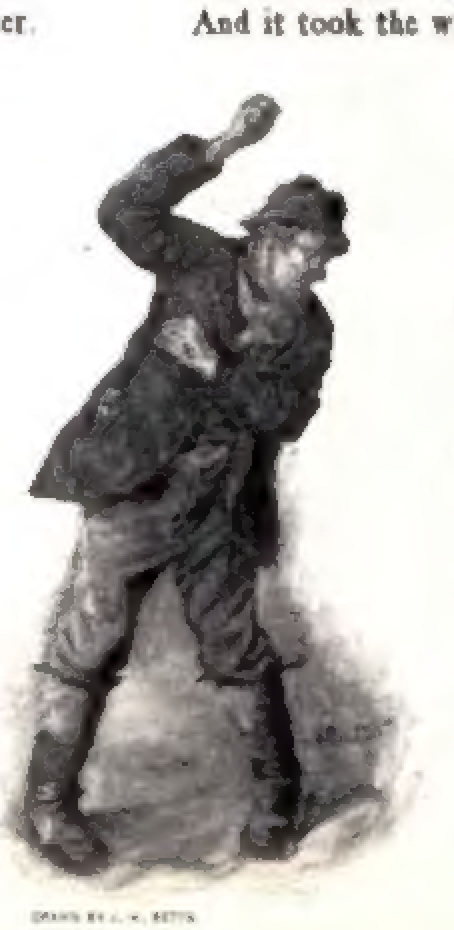
You could hear him when he started from the Rapogenus Chutes,
You could hear the crunching-cranching of his swashing spike-sole boots;
You could even hear the colors in the flannel shirt he wore,
And the forest fairly shivered at the way O'Connor swore.
'Twas averred that in the city full a hundred miles away
They felt a little tremor when O'Connor drew his pay.
When O'Connor drew his pay,
Though he drew it miles away,
The people in the city felt the shock of it that day;
And they said in deepest gloom:
"The drive is in the boom
And O'Connor's drawn his wages; clear the track and give him room."

He rode two giant spruces through the smother of the Chutes,
He rode them standing straddled, shod and spurred in spike-sole boots;
Then just for exhibition when he struck Chesuncook Rip
He rolled the logs and ran them with never miss or slip.
For a dozen miles through rapids did he balance on one log,
And he shot the Big Seboomook at a mighty lively jog.
He reached Megantic Landing where he nimbly leaped ashore,
And he bought some liquid fire at the Bemis wangan store.
For O'Connor'd drawn his pay,
He was then upon his way
For a little relaxation and a day or two of play.
The drive was in the boom
Safely past Seboois fume,
And all O'Connor wanted was rum enough — and room.

O'Connor owned the steamboat from Megantic to the Cove,
Whatever there was stavable he forthwith calmly stove;
He larruped crew and captain when they wouldn't let him steer,
Sat down upon the smokestack — smoked out the engineer.
He had drawn his season's pay,
He had cash to throw away,
He had cash to burn! O'Connor'd spurn for clemency to pray.
The drive was safely down,
He was on his way to town,
He was doing up the section and proposed to do it brown.

O'Connor owned the railroad as O'Connor'd owned the craft,
He crouched from rear to engine, and he chafed and quaffed and laughed.
He smashed the plate-glass windows for he didn't like the styles,
He smashed and promptly settled for a dozen stovepipe tiles.
Of course he was arrested when the steamer got to shore —
A justice fined O'Connor and he paid the fine — and more!
They took him into limbo right and left along the line,
He pulled his roll and willingly kept peeling off his fine.
With his portly wad of pay
He paved his genial way.
He'd had no chance to spend it on the far-off Brassua.
But now the drive was in,
As he'd neither kith nor kin,
There seemed no special reason why he shouldn't throw his tin.

O'Connor reached the city and he reached it with a jar,
He had piled up all the cushions in the centre of the car —
Had set them all on fire, and around the blazing pile
He was dancing "dingle breakdowns" in a very jovial style.
Before they got him cornered they had rung in three alarms,
And it took the whole department to tie his legs and arms.



He had spent his last lone copper, but they sold his spike-sole boots
For enough to pay his freightage back to Rapogenus Chutes.
They put him in a crate
And they shipped him back by freight
To commence a year of chopping up in Township Number Eight;
And earnestly he swore
When they dumped him on the shore
He had never spent his wages quite so pleasurably before.

Men who plough the sea, spend they may — and free!
But nowhere is there prodigal among those careless Jacks
Who will toss the hard-won spoil of a year of bitter toil
Like the Prodigals of Pickpole and the Ishmaels of the Ax.

SOPHOMORES ABROAD

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

Author of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

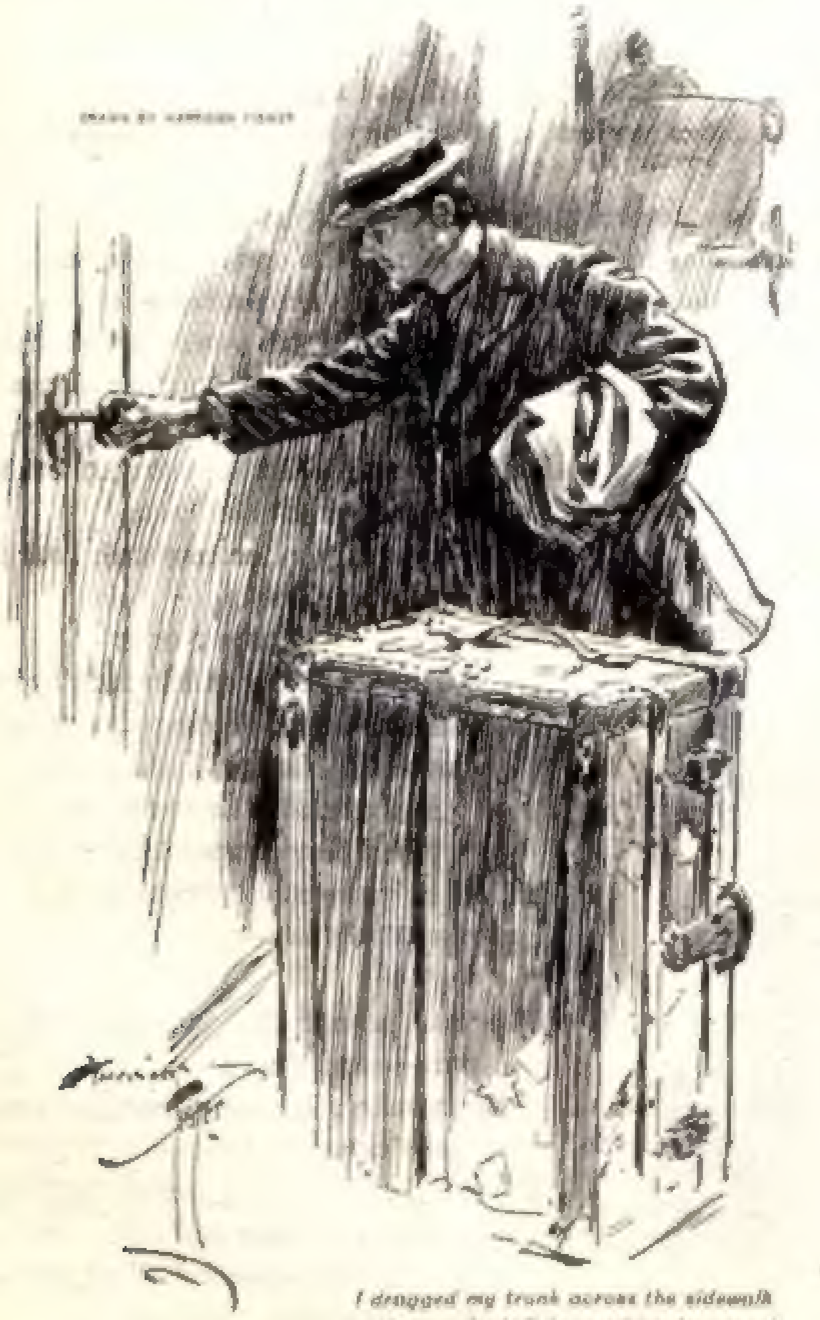
GRANNY'S ADVENTURES IN PARIS

ALTHOUGH Armington fled from Guppy and Avranches it was easy enough for us to communicate with him as he had given us the address of his apartment in Paris. His *bonne* forwarded our telegram to him and in a few days he joined us at Dinard. To Guppy, Berri telegraphed: "Do not worry. Armington is with friends," and got in answer a long letter expressing Guppy's relief that matters had turned out so harmlessly. The date of Guppy's sailing wasn't very distant, and he had feared that he might have to postpone his return in order to ransack France for the missing archæologist.

One day while we were sitting in the sand watching the poor, silly old policeman who spends his life in trying to keep dogs off the beach (whenever he limps after one a swarm of screaming children rush at him and hold him back), Armington said that his vacation was about over and he would have to go to Paris. Then he asked me if I was going there, and said that when I did I must stay with him instead of at a hotel. This sounded attractive and made it easier for me to leave Dinard as soon as I did — which was sooner than I had expected to. Berri, of course, had asked me to stay on with them until I had to meet the family. But I began to think that perhaps he and his mother would like to be alone together, and now I'm exceedingly glad I didn't wait. For very soon after I announced my intention of joining Armington, Mrs. Berrisford — to Berri's great delight — suddenly determined to close her house at Dinard and take a trip with him in an automobile. Berri's joy at the prospect of getting rid of the Grand Dukes and Lady Claudes and things and having his mother to himself was sort of pathetic.

Well, I said good-by to them one morning and arrived in Paris that evening — with only one mishap on the way. At about six o'clock I began to feel famished, and when the train stopped for four minutes at a large station I bought at the buffet a sandwich and a small bottle of white wine. The sandwich — it was made of a tough roll and a slab of greasy ham — reminded me of the things the cowboys out West used to call "hunting-case sandwiches with buckskin hinges." The wine was sour and thin. After I had cruelly murdered a young and innocent appetite with these things, the conductor appeared at the window to inform me that dinner was being served in the dining-car. Barring this tragedy, however, the trip was uneventful.

Arriving in Paris, I confess, was a disappointment to me. It wouldn't have been if I had got in at another station; the Gare Montparnasse isn't in the most brilliant part of town and my cab-driver took short cuts to Armington's place through narrow, murky back streets, over cobblestones that almost untoothed me. What I expected I don't know; I think I must have had a hazy idea that the Parisian populace spend their evenings dancing ballets up and down broad thoroughfares strewn with roses and lighted with red fire. Armington's apartment is in the heart of the Latin Quarter. Just before we reached it the cab passed between two enormous cafés — ablaze with light — gay with music and with crowds of people seated at the little marble-topped tables on the sidewalk; but at the other end of the street where the cab stopped everything was dim and quiet.



I dragged my trunk across the sidewalk and rang the bell, but nothing happened

It was not quite ten o'clock, but the massive double doors of the house were shut and the windows — five stories up — were absolutely dark. I dragged my trunk across the sidewalk and rang the bell, but nothing happened. There was no response to my second and more violent effort and I turned toward the street, wondering what I had better do. The music floating up from the brilliant cafés at the lower end made my vicinity seem all the more gloomy and silent. Just beyond Armington's house, across a vast deserted square, a huge building with a dome loomed through the night and I thought it might be the Opera, as I remembered that in photographs the Opera looked as if it were at the end of a broad street. (This seems ridiculous now, as the building was the Pantheon.)

I decided to ring once more and then, if no one came to let me in, I told myself that I should take one of the cabs near the cafés and drive to a hotel. But although no one did come when I rang again I didn't go away, for the door suddenly gave a metallic click and swung open by itself. This, however, was encouraging only for a moment; when I pulled my trunk inside I found the place impenetrably dark and I couldn't imagine what to do next. I coughed suggestively; I knocked on the inside of the door; I shuffled my feet and I groped through the dark trying to find something else to knock on. But the walls were of stone and merely hurt my knuckles without giving out any sound. It wasn't until I fell over my trunk on the way back to the door that I really got my effect. I had stood the trunk on end and the crash as we came down together was followed first by a woman's shriek and then by torrents of excited French. I could hear a frenzied groping for matches, and at last an old man holding a candle aloft peered warily into the darkness from a doorway. He had on a night-cap — an article of apparel whose actual existence I had always doubted.

"Good-evening. Is Mr. Armington at home?" I asked in my best French.

"At this hour?" the woman's voice within wildly exclaimed — leaving me in doubt as to whether for Armington the hour was impossibly late or impossibly early. The old man evidently didn't care to do anything on his own responsibility, so I was obliged to wait until he had received lengthy instructions from the rear.

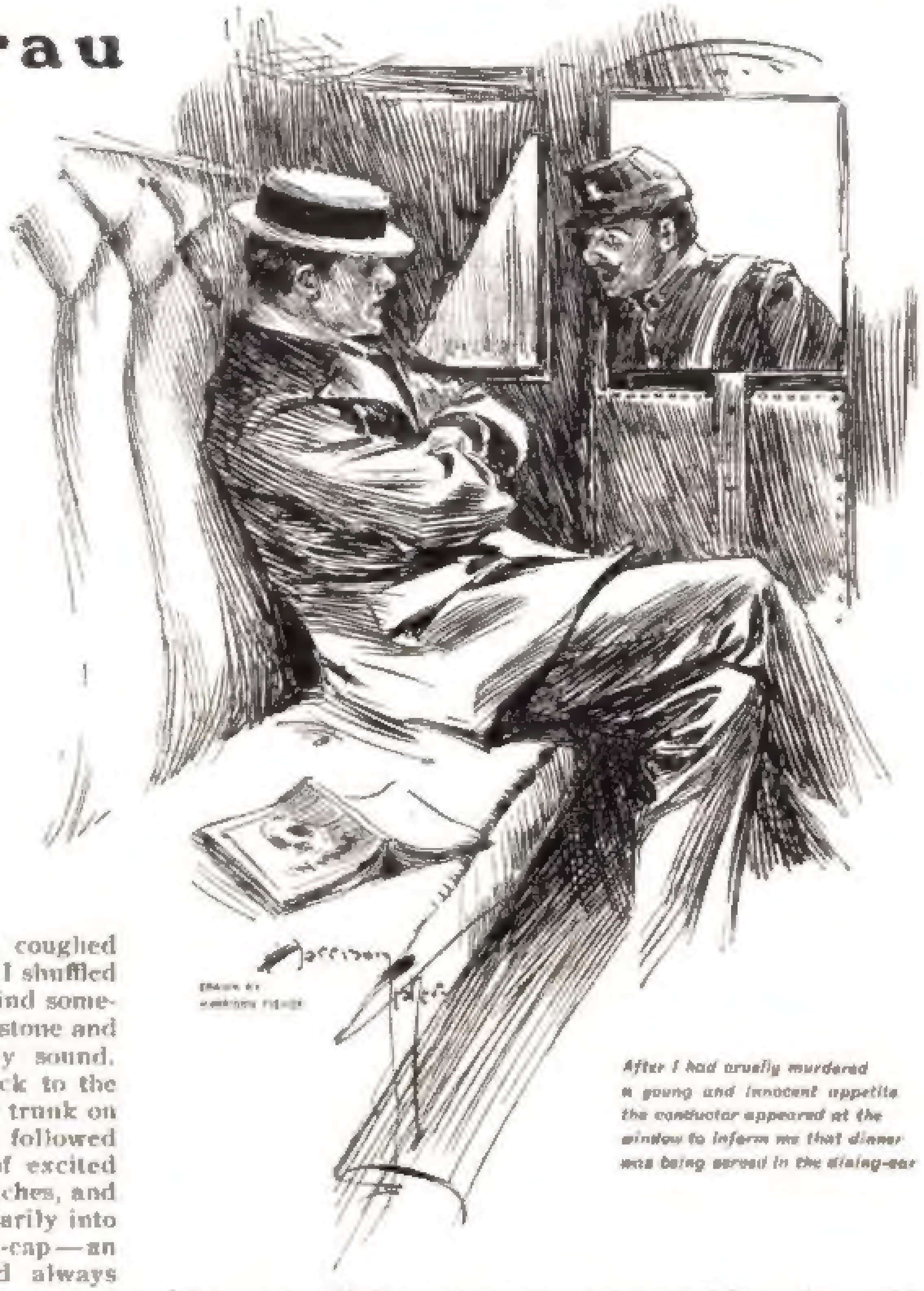
"Mr. Armington isn't at home," he declared severely. "He isn't in Paris — he left this morning for Greece."

"But I brought my baggages," I replied. (I used a plural as I couldn't for the moment remember whether trunk is masculine or feminine.) "I brought my baggages and I had the intention to stay several days ——" at which announcement the old man's manner underwent an indescribable change. He became all smiles, and behind him I could hear Madame's long-drawn-out exclamation of enlightenment.

"Ah — *c'est le nouveau!*" I knew then that Armington had left instructions about me. After that everything was easy. The old man lighted gas-jets on the stairway and helped me carry my trunk up to Armington's apartment — on the fourth floor, which in France usually means the fifth. Here he gave me a note from my absent host, who said that a recent excavation somewhere in the interior of Greece promised to throw much light on the subject of "skewpins" and that, sorry as he was to miss my visit, the interests of learning demanded his presence elsewhere. He added that Elise, the *bonne*, came in the morning and would give me what I wanted to eat at whatever hours I found most convenient. So here I was — who had never been in Paris before — keeping house in the Latin Quarter on the first evening of my arrival.

It's hard enough sometimes to get into these French apartment houses after the concierge has locked the door for the night and gone to bed; but it's infinitely harder — unless you know the trick — to get out. I explored Armington's abode — he has two bedrooms and a dining-room, the prettiest little salon I've ever seen, and a microscopic kitchen with a charcoal stove in it that looks like a cross between a sewing-machine and a washstand — and then, as it was early and I didn't feel sleepy, I thought it would be interesting to take a walk. With the aid of many matches I found my way down the five flights of slippery, uncarpeted stairs to the stone vestibule and tried to open the door I had besieged half an hour before from the other side. But none of the heavy iron bolts and latches would budge. There was no bell, and as I didn't care to arouse the old man again after all the trouble I had given him, I finally climbed upstairs — feeling like a prisoner in the Bastile — and went to bed.

The next morning I inquired into the matter. When you wish to enter at night you pull at the bell, wake the concierge, and then, as you pass his door, call out your name to show you aren't a burglar. When a visitor is leaving, or you would like to go out "after hours" yourself — just as I did — you stand in the vestibule and demand in a loud voice, "*Le cordon, s'il vous plaît*," until the concierge hears you in his sleep and reaches for the rope that opens the door. The slumbers of a Parisian concierge must be fragmentary, for in a big house like this one people come and go at all hours of the night. I wouldn't say it to Berri for anything — he would think it was my American passion for mechanical contrivances — but I don't see why in a place like Paris they haven't evolved some less primitive method. The system isn't peculiar to this old-fashioned quarter either. One's entrances and exits are managed in the same way even in the fine houses near the Champs Élysées across the river.



After I had cruelly murdered a young and innocent appetite the conductor appeared at the window to inform me that dinner was being served in the dining-car

Still, although every now and then I am amused by something absurdly unprogressive over here, I can't help feeling since I've been at Armington's that in America most of us are an improvident, careless lot and that we could learn plenty of things from French people about living much better than we do on less money than we spend. It seems as if eating had been reduced in this country to one of the exact sciences. When Elise asked me the next day if I should be at home for luncheon and dinner and what I would have, I told her I wanted to live just as Armington did; and Armington, I soon found out, lives very well indeed. Yet, judged by our standards, his expenses are ridiculously small.

Elise knows how to manage; she never buys an ounce more than is needed for a single meal and nothing is wasted. How she so neatly gauges one's capacity is a Gallic secret that I've stopped trying to guess — just as I no longer worry over how she can cook so deliciously on her absurd stove. It is enough to know that by turning a crank attached to a tin box not unlike a hand organ she roasts chickens and ducks as I never before knew they could be roasted.

Of course the ease with which one lives well here depends largely on the convenience of the neighborhood. Three doors below us is a little shop in which they sell pretty much everything in the world to eat and drink, from a pinch of salt to a bottle of champagne. The very few edibles it does not contain can be found next door. However, my friends around the corner tell me that almost all Parisian neighborhoods are equally convenient.

My friends around the corner I met the morning after I arrived. I don't mind confessing that the first evening was rather gloomy. After you've been with people night and day for weeks and then find yourself alone in a place the size of Paris — to say nothing of finding yourself in a strange room into which two other strange rooms open darkly — you don't feel precisely gay. I wondered while I was going to bed if I hadn't been unwise to stay after I learned of Armington's absence.

But in the morning, when Elise gave me my breakfast on a tray in the salon and I sat in the sun near an open window looking across at the roof of the Boston Public Library (they call it the Bibliothèque Sainte Geneviève here; but, except that this one is old and mellow-looking, you scarcely could tell the difference), I was glad I hadn't gone to a hotel. After breakfast I was particularly glad, for when I was starting off to the bank to see if there was a letter from mamma, who should I meet, strolling along with a worried, inquiring expression, but Phil Blackwood. He isn't in my class, but in Cambridge I knew him slightly, and meeting him unexpectedly here made me feel as if I knew him well. He greeted me in the offhand, matter-of-fact way that would be

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Editor's Note — This is the last of Mr. Flandrau's series of six sketches.

natural to some people if they were to meet their most intimate friend in the depths of an African jungle, and exclaimed:

"Say, do you know where the Rue des Gambades is? I have a brother over here who's studying art or some darned thing and I promised the family to look him up and find out how he's getting along. You haven't anything to do—come help me find 16 Rue des Gambades. Can you speak this beastly language?"

When I'm with Berri I never think I know any French at all. Blackwood's society, however, gives me perfect courage and a feeling of great proficiency. We found the street, not far from the Luxembourg Gardens (which Phil's brother afterward told us was the most perfect bit of formal gardening in the world, and seemed to think us both rather hopeless because we hadn't found this out for ourselves). The elder Blackwood himself we discovered in his studio. The studio was really very splendid—a high, enormous room with one side, overlooking a garden, almost entirely built of glass. It was furnished chiefly with monarchless thrones, antique choir-stalls, carved Normandy chests, gorgeous strips of old damask and velvet, and soft, thick Oriental rugs.

"Hello, old man," said the owner of all this, who was painting at a gigantic easel that looked like a guillotine. He gave his picture one or two careful touches with a brush before he came forward to shake hands with us.

"Hello, John," said his brother. "I was passing through on my way home and thought I'd drop in. Mother seemed to be afraid you weren't comfortable."

"Do you think I am?" asked John, waving toward his possessions.

"Well, I'll tell her you're living in a ballroom that resembles a church less only because it looks like a harem more, and let her draw her own conclusions. What's that smeared green thing on the easel over there?"

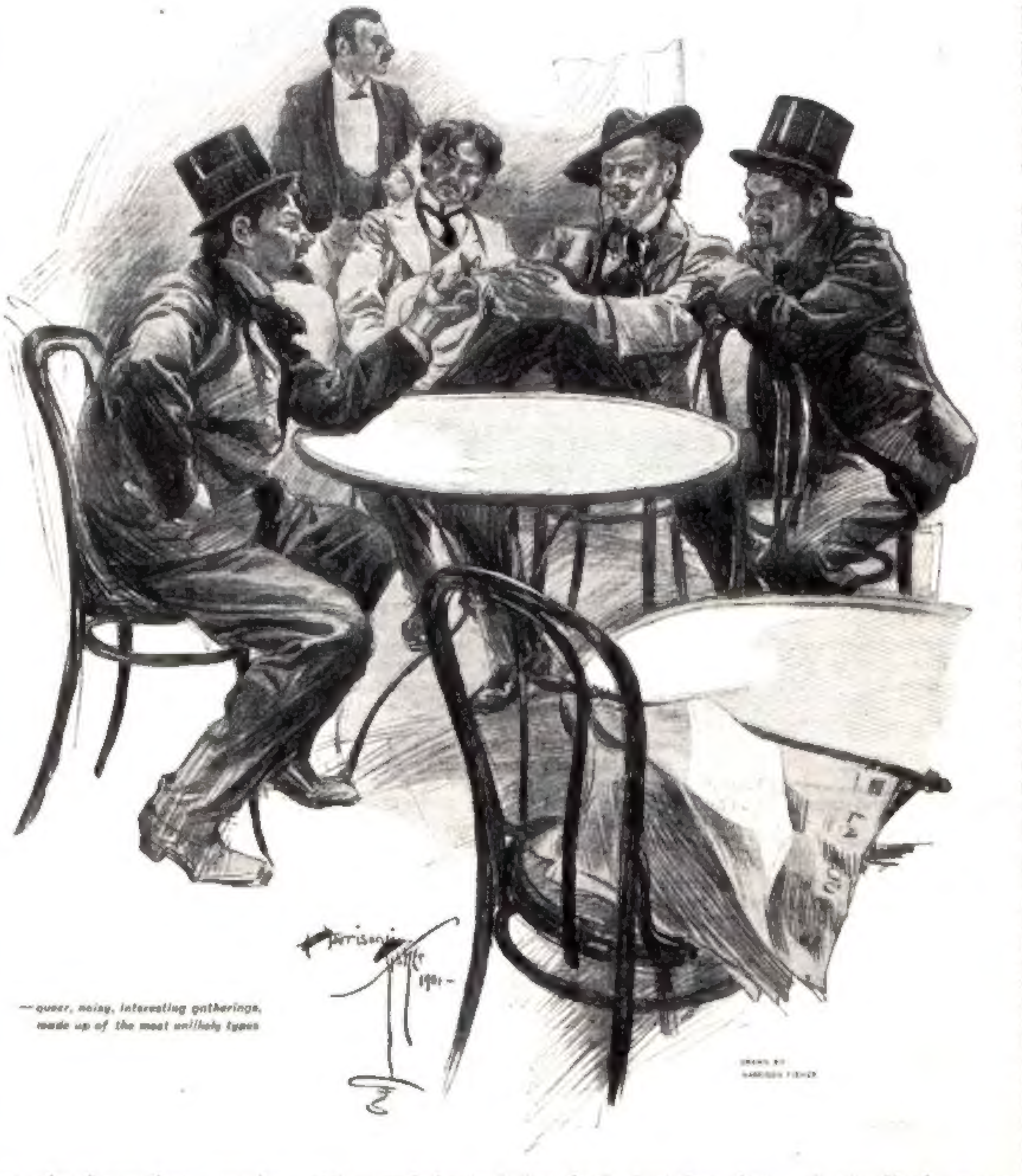
"That—from the point of view of drawing," said John, "is the best thing I've done."

"Is it? I guess I sha'n't look at the others then," replied Phil. His brother didn't seem to mind this in the least, and returned to his easel, where he began to paint again, saying: "You two amuse yourselves for about ten minutes; then we can make plans for the day."

Since I've been here I've seen a great deal of John and like him very much—although I realize what his brother Phil means when he says of him: "John's such a darned good fellow, you entirely forget between times that he's such an ass." He shares his studio with another young American—a writer—who has written copiously, but who hasn't as yet had anything accepted. This doesn't seem to worry him, though; he told me he knew he would make a glittering success some day, and then, as one of the Normandy chests was almost full of rejected manuscripts, he could just rest for years and years.

As far as I can make out John is an artist in every respect but the ability to paint. He has the most elaborate studio I've seen (we've been to three or four), he's chummy apparently with innumerable painters and sculptors and writers, he wears strange, loose garments (he does, that is to say, on this side of the river), and, as he himself exclaims from time to time, he "lives the life." Part of the life he has been kind enough to show me, and it is easy enough to understand not only its fascination, but even how a person like Blackwood, who really does nothing but spoil nice, clean, expensive canvases with layers of green paint, can keep on living it.

He and the writer friend and I have lunched together at a restaurant that is much frequented by noted artists and I've spent several lively evenings with them at the "Closerie des Lilas"—a café on the celebrated Boulevard Saint Michel. These were queer, noisy, interesting gatherings, made up of the most unlikely types from about a dozen different nations; the sort of men who never in the world could come together except under that truce which is called Art.



—queer, noisy, interesting gatherings, made up of the most unlikely types

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

It seems that many of these chaps have talent, and some of them are said to have genius; all of which made me wonder at first just what they thought of John. But I've come to realize that John in a certain rather charming way is thoroughly accepted as one of them. He isn't accepted for his achievements, for his achievements, as yet, consist principally of a pointed beard and a pair of baggy corduroy trousers; he's accepted for his intentions. His intentions, after all, are as sincere as those of any one. On this side of the river you can't help feeling that a great number of people are trying to "say something;" they're trying to say it with brushes and chisels and pens. The fact exhilarates you somehow; if I stayed here long enough I think I could say something myself. Well—that's what's the matter with John Blackwood. Although inarticulate, the conviction admits him to the company of the sane. For in this part of Paris it isn't the painter and the sculptor and the writer who are considered crazy—it's the person who can be contented with a calling less exalted. My private opinion is that John will never say anything if he stays here for fifty years; yet this doesn't seem to make any difference to the others. His position, no doubt, is something like that of a fellow in college who has every desire to get his degree, but who simply can't.

Once I heard of a man who went around the world and kept a diary. He wrote careful descriptions of everything he saw and didn't think them altogether bad; but all the time he was sort of saving his vocabulary for Agra, in India. The chapter on Agra, he thought, would be his masterpiece. At the end of his first day in that place he got out his diary and wrote at the top of a page: "This afternoon I went to see the Taj Mahal." The next evening he again "took his pen in hand" and after a busy two hours he found he had written: "I went to see the Taj Mahal this afternoon." He stayed for two weeks at Agra, and now when he reads his diary at home sometimes he always likes to turn to the fourteen entries on Agra. He thinks they're the best thing in the book, because they all say: "This afternoon I went to see the Taj Mahal." I feel something the same way about Paris.

After you've once recorded the fact that you are in Paris, anything else is in the nature of an anti-climax. It takes such a short time to get into the way of thinking that if there have to be cities in the world, Paris, in most respects, is more the city of your dreams than any other you know. It's such a surprise—such a revelation to find out in the first place that a city isn't necessarily hideous. There are miles and miles of Paris that are deliberately, wilfully, irretrievably beautiful. And then there are other miles that are beautiful not so much by design as by time and accident. If I shut my eyes and try to think of most cities I have a memory of high, ugly buildings, noise, confusion and dirt. But when I visualize Paris I see vast open spaces, architectural order, cream-colored stonework, statues, fountains and trees.

It's a city that gratifies every taste and adapts itself to every purse; and I've come to the conclusion that the best it has to offer—the things you end by caring most for—are free. Some days I don't go out of "our own Quarter," as Blackwood calls it, but merely stroll up and down the Boulevard Saint Michel and through the Luxembourg Gardens, looking at the crowds, or walk on the Quai Voltaire where there is a half a mile of second-hand books spread along the stone parapet overlooking the Seine. One of the booksellers is a relic of the eighteenth century; he wears his white hair in a queue, tied with a little black satin bow. Across the river you can see the Louvre with the Gardens of the Tuileries in front—and beyond, the great gilded horses on the Alexander III bridge. In the opposite direction the towers of Notre Dame lift gray and square into the blue sky.

According to Blackwood, the side of the Seine that we are on is Paris. The other side, he says, belongs to all the world. Just what he means by this you very soon appreciate. For over here, except when you come across a wagon-load of tourists on their way to the Pantheon, or happen to walk behind some foreign students, you don't often hear anything but French. Across the water, however, in the neighborhood of the big hotels and the Opera and the famous dressmakers, jewelers and restaurants, French, somehow, doesn't seem to be more the native language than any other. The streets are thronged with people from every country of the globe, and in the short time I've been here I've seen in the passing crowd Chinese diplomats in gorgeous silks, haughty Algerian chiefs in snow-white draperies and crimson scarfs, sallow gentlemen from India with jewels sparkling in their architectural turbans and Englishmen in garments whose propriety would never be questioned on a very high mountain in an out-of-the-way place. There is always something to see in Paris and always a comfortable chair on the sidewalk from which to see it.

Mamma is always lamenting my dislike of going to bed, so I took much pleasure in writing to her the other day that in Paris people possessed with a desire just to sit up when they ought to be asleep are a recognized class and are called "*noctambules.*" I found this out from an advertisement in a window on Montmartre. A philanthropic person who was—as he remarked in his notice—a noctambule himself, had the honor of announcing that he had decided to open a café-concert "for the benefit of those enlightened few who consider sleep a waste of time." The performance was to begin at midnight and continue until seven in the morning.

It is to this letter of mine that I attribute the sudden change in the family plans. Mamma had not responded with enthusiasm exactly to the one in which I informed her that I was keeping house in the Latin Quarter; but I'm sure it was my implied sympathy with the noctambules that caused her to give up an excursion to Scotland and decide to come to France instead. Well, I'll be very glad to see them. Of course I'll have to stop being a tramp and eating wherever I happen to be when I feel hungry, and all that; but I've no doubt that Paris, in a different way, will prove as interesting as it is when I am thrown on my own resources. We shall spend, I imagine, a great many mornings at the Louvre; we'll go to Fontainebleau and Versailles, and in the evening I can see myself in a *fauteuil d'orchestre* at the Théâtre Français—listening to something in five acts by Racine and wondering what on earth it's all about. Mamma, who, like so many refined and gentle people, takes the most surprising interest in the historically gruesome, will weep at the Conciergerie and wade through ensanguined rivers in the Place de la Concorde. Papa will insist on our going up the Eiffel Tower, and when we reach the top he will remark to mamma—as if it had just occurred to him—"I suppose you know this thing was guaranteed for five years only. It's been standing for ten or eleven now and isn't considered safe." Mildred will sneak off to Paquin's and order so many "perfectly simple little gowns" as she calls them, that by the time we get back to London papa will have found her out and decided that I can have only the clothes I actually need, which is always, of course, most depressing.

I miss Berri ever so much; but I'm glad he's with his mother and having such a good time. He sends me a "souvenir" post-card now and then, scribbled with characteristic items of news such as: "Mr. Berrisford is taking a trip in his fast automobile. The population of France is said to be decreasing," and so on. I sha'n't see him again until we sail. In his last communication he most unexpectedly told me the thing he refused to tell me at Avranches—which was the manner in which my diary differed from any other "European notes" he had ever read. On every card I've had from him he has written, "I think I'll tell you in my next," or, "The hour has come," and I had almost given up hope. Just as I was laughing over the card that really did tell me, Elise brought in a short but gratifying telegram from Armington. Berri's message was:

"Up to August fourth your diary did not contain the word 'picturesque.' Can you say as much now? Am awaiting answer in agonies of apprehension."

Armington's telegram merely said: "Safety-pins."

(THE END)

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By Hamlin Garland

Author of The Eagle's Heart

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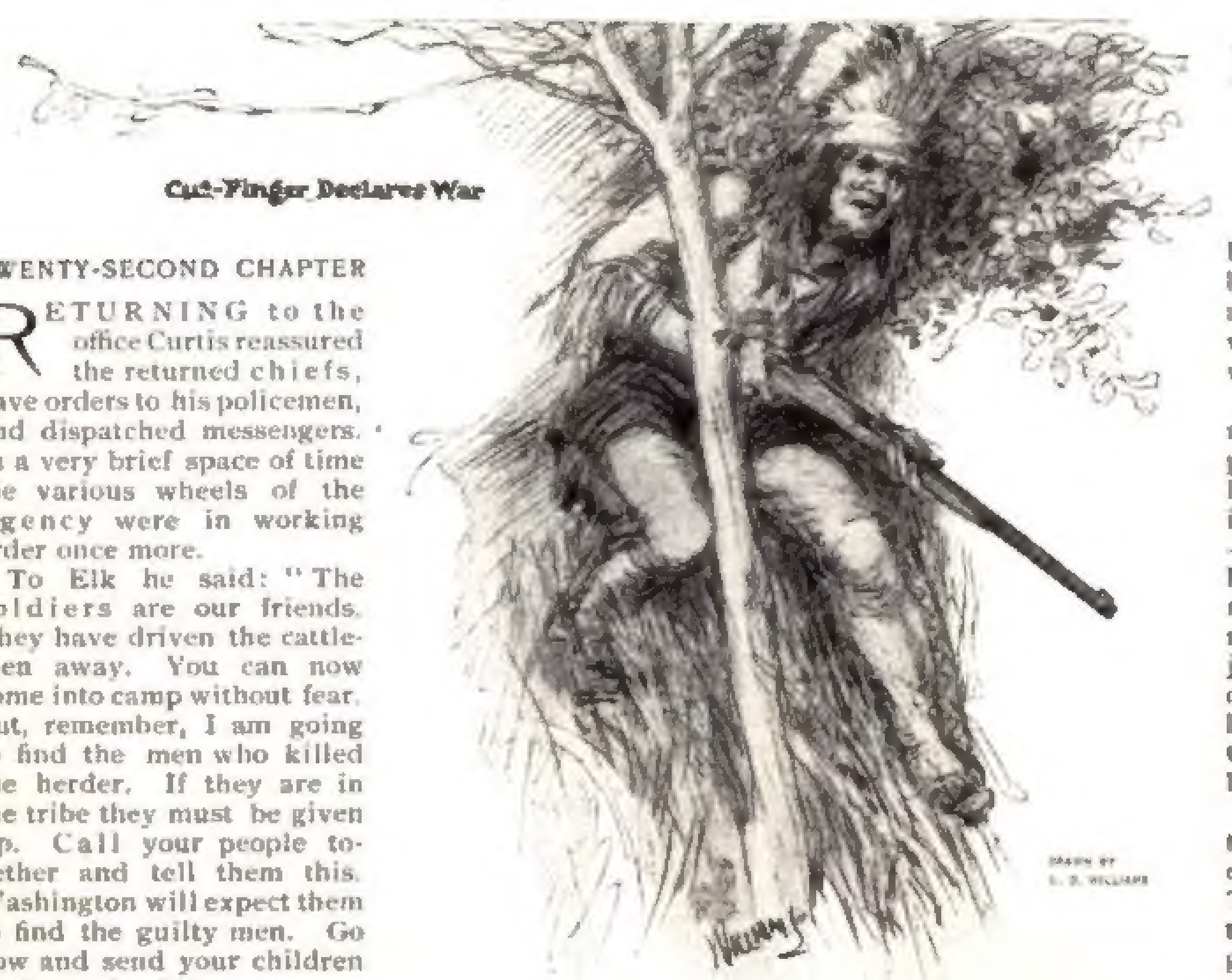


Cut-Finger Declares War

TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER

RETURNING to the office Curtis reassured the returned chiefs, gave orders to his policemen, and dispatched messengers. In a very brief space of time the various wheels of the Agency were in working order once more.

To Elk he said: "The soldiers are our friends. They have driven the cattlemen away. You can now come into camp without fear. But, remember, I am going to find the men who killed the herder. If they are in the tribe they must be given up. Call your people together and tell them this. Washington will expect them to find the guilty men. Go now and send your children back to school."

To Crane's Voice he gave orders: "Get ready to go for the mail. The danger is over. Everything must go on as before."

The clink of the anvil began again. The school-bell called the children together, the teepees began to rise from the sod, and the sluggish life of the Agency resumed its unhurried flow, though beneath the surface still lurked vague forms of fear. Parker returned to his studio, Lawson went to his den and stretched out to read a book and compose his nerves, and Jennie planned a midday dinner for a round dozen. "It will be a sort of love-feast to Captain Maynard," she said roguishly.

"Will he return so soon?" asked Elsie.

"Oh, yes, he'll only go a little way." She laughed slyly. "Jack Maynard can smell a good dinner across a range of foothills. Didn't he look beautiful as he smiled? I used to say he *grinned*, but he looked like a heavenly cherub in the helmet of an archangel as he rode up."

Curtis was writing furiously on a report to go by mail when Maynard came jogging back up the valley accompanied by a sergeant and a squad of men.

Curtis went out to meet him at the gate. "Send your horses down to the corral," he said, "and come over to the house."

"I've been wondering about the girls," replied Maynard. "One is your sister Jennie, of course—but who is the other? She's what the boys would call a 'queen.'"

"You've heard of Andrew J. Brisbane?"

"You mean the erstwhile Senator?"

"Yes; this is his daughter."

"Great Himmel! What is she doing here?"

"She's an artist and is making some studies."

"I didn't suppose a man of Brisbane's blood and brawn could have a girl as fine as she looks to be."

"She's very talented, too. But come along to dinner. Of course the mob gave no further trouble?"

"Not a bit—only the trouble of keeping them in sight. They rode like Jehu. I left the chase to Payne—it was what Cooper used to call a 'stern chase and a long chase.'"

Elsie and Lawson met at the door of the studio and came over to dinner together.

"When do we hear from the outside world?" she inquired.

"Not till to-morrow morning. The messenger will need to ride all night even then."

"Poor father; he'll be terribly worried. He'll feel like heading an army of his own to rescue me. Do you think the danger of an outbreak is over?"

"Yes, so far as we are concerned, but Curtis will find his fight just beginning, I fear. Whether the Department sustains him or not on his point, every possible effort will be made to disgrace and remove him."

"But the settlers were in the wrong this time."

"They are generally in the wrong at the outset, but they succeed in putting the blame on the redskin," replied Lawson smilingly, but with a touch of bitter irony.

The dinner was unexpectedly merry. Every one felt like celebrating the army, and Maynard, as the representative of the cavalry arm, came near blushing at the praise which came his way.

"I admit I did it," he said, "but I hold it not meet to have it so set down."

As they rose from the table Curtis said to Elsie: "Would you like to go with me to make a tour of the camp?"

Her eyes lighted up. "I should like it exceedingly."

"Very well, about three o'clock we shall go. You will have time to lie down for a siesta."

"I am myself again," she said, "and ready to go now;" and her bright eyes and warm color bore out her assertion.

At three o'clock, accompanied by Maynard and Jennie, Curtis and Elsie led the way to the camp. Elsie was a good horsewoman and rode a fine brown pony. Jennie was mounted on a spirited bronco, which she rode cross-saddle and with secure grace.

As they galloped away up the road a keen twinge of remorseful pity for Lawson touched Elsie's heart. He was being left out of it and had grown suddenly older—it seemed to her—as though he had given up the attempt to remain young. These thoughts made her rather sober, and the joyous laughter of Jennie took on deep significance. What did the happy care for the sad? Had Osborne cared for her more than he had yet uttered?

As they entered the camps there was little sign of the precipitate flight of the morning. The old men came out to greet their Little Father, and Curtis gave forth his tranquilizing message. To the chiefs he said: "Have you called the council?"

"Aye—for sunrise to-morrow," they answered.

"It is good," he replied. "Where are your young men?"

"Some are in the hills, some are gone as messengers, others are watching the ponies."

"Call them all in. I don't want them riding about now. Keep them in camp."

So, scattering greetings and commands they rode through the two circles of teepees. The red men were all eager to greet Maynard, in whom they recognized a valiant friend as well as an old-time enemy.

"We do not fear the white soldiers," they said; "they do not rob us—they are brave men—but the cattlemen have black hearts. They say 'dam Injun' all the time."

Elsie was puzzled. "I didn't know they felt this way about the army. I thought they hated the soldiers."

Curtis replied in the spirit of the soldier. "No, they recognize for the most part that we are under orders—and that we have nothing to gain by fighting them. Besides, to be a soldier is honorable in their own belief."

"Isn't that the way you get promoted—by fighting Indians?"

He hesitated. "I suppose deep down we recognize the red man as the only available stone on which to grind our swords—but our best officers have come to understand the Indian better, and many of our younger men have a smattering of sign-talk or some one or two languages—and, speaking generally, I think the army is friendly, or at any rate impartial."

They found the second camp, that of Grayman, less tranquil, but the stragglers were coming in from the hills and resetting their teepees. Grayman himself came forth, nervous and eager. "Ho, Little Father! My heart is glad that the soldiers have come."

"We are all glad," replied Curtis. "Where is your son?"

Grayman looked troubled. "I do not know. He is away with Cut-Finger, my sister's son."

"Cut-Finger is bad company for your son."

"I know it—but they are blood-brothers—as is the way of young men."

Maynard and Jennie were not much interested in the camp. He was recalling to her mind some of the parties they had attended together at Fort Sibley. "Really, Captain Maynard," she was saying as they rode up, "you would have it appear that we saw a great deal of each other in those days."

"That's my contention entirely," he replied, "and it is my *in*tention to continue this Indian outbreak indefinitely in order to see more of you now. I'm going into cantonment here."

"You're too direct in your method," she replied; "you shouldn't let me see your hand."

"I want you to see my hand and take it," he shamelessly retorted.

Jennie was flushed and laughing as they rode up, and Curtis having caught Maynard's last remark called out in the biting tone of the superior officer:

"Are you on special duty, Captain Maynard, or riding in the park?"

"By good luck I'm doing both," he replied. "What shall I inspect?"

"Merely cast your eye round you so that you can report the Tetongs in peaceful camp. Then you may ride where you please."

Maynard swept his eyes over the camp. "It is done! Now, Miss Curtis, let's try for the top of that hill."

"No, no, you have been riding all night."

"Why, so I have. In the charm of your presence I'd forgotten it. I'm supposed to be fagged."

"You don't look it," remarked Curtis humorously, running his eyes over the burly figure before him. "At the same time, I think you'd better return. Your commissariat wagons will be rumbling in upon you soon."

Maynard saluted. "Very well, Major; it shall be so," and wheeling his horse in such wise as to turn Jennie's pony, they galloped off together, leaving Curtis and Elsie to follow.

Elsie shaded her eyes with her hand and looked up at the hills. "There is a wonderful charm in this dry country! I have never seen such blinding sunshine. But life must be difficult here?"

"You begin to feel that? It is. Once, when the buffaloes were here, it was easy, but now without cattle or a stream of water it is impossible. I expect to live here at least five years, providing I am not removed."

She shuddered perceptibly. "Five years is a long time to give out of one's life—with so little to show for it."

"True enough—but as a soldier in garrison my life had very little value either to myself or my country."

She looked straight ahead as she replied:

"You would find life here very lonely without Jennie. She is a sunbeam."

"I know it—but in my best moments I realize how selfish it is in me to keep her."

"Suppose you were to resign, what would you do?"

"I would try to secure a chance at some field-work in the Ethnologic Bureau. It doesn't pay very well, but it would be congenial and my proficiency in the sign-language would, I think, make me valuable. I have determined not to go back to garrison life without some special duty to occupy my mind. I am a good civil engineer—perhaps I could succeed at that."

She rode in silence for some minutes. When she spoke again she was musing darkly. "Life isn't a bit simple when you are grown up, is it?"

"In one sense, no; in another it is always simple, if one does one's duty."

"That is a soldier's answer—it is not easy for me to enter into that spirit. I have my art—and no duty at all."

"Your position is equally strange to me, but duties will discover themselves—later."

"I know what you mean, but I do not intend to allow marriage to circumscribe my art." This she uttered defiantly.

"I shouldn't like to say that of my duty."

She laughed harshly. "How different our points of view! The curious thing is you are taking the conventional woman's view."

"Say rather the moralist's view. I have always been more or less of a crank on duty, I'll admit that."

"You are Anglo-Saxon, I am French."

"Was your mother French?"

"Yes—but she was born in Canada."

"Did she live to enjoy your father's success?"

"Not to the full. She went with him to Alta, where I was born, but she died before he was elected Senator. She never saw Washington." They had nearly reached the Agency now and she shook off her sober mood. "Shall we go in with a dash?"

"I'm agreed."

She put quirt to her horse and they entered the lane at a flying gallop.

As he assisted her to alight at the studio door he said: "I hope your father will not require you to join him in the East. It is a great pleasure to have you here."

"Oh, I don't think he will when he understands the situation. I don't want to go. I am just beginning my work."

Meanwhile the supply wagons had arrived and Captain Maynard was overseeing the laying off of the camp just below the Agency. Lieutenant Payne and his command returned at five o'clock and in a short time the little village of white tents was in order. Curtis came over to insist that the officers take dinner with them at the "parsonage," as Lawson called the Agent's house, and as Captain Maynard had already spoken of the good company and the excellent dinner he had enjoyed in the middle of the day, Mr. Payne was quite ready to comply, especially as his luncheon had been quite as light as his breakfast. As their baggage had arrived they were able to come in clean linen and fresh gloves.

Once in the sitting-room Elsie and Mrs. Parker graciously yielded up suggestions about dress to Jennie, who had been quite unconcerned about her clothing until the coming of Captain Maynard.

She excused herself for this change by saying: "When I knew Jack Maynard in Sibley I had some nice clothes, and I really must furbish up a bit now or he'll think I've grown slovenly."

"He's a jolly good fellow," Elsie remarked with seeming irrelevance. "I thought him a little coarse at first, but he isn't; he's very nice."

When the men came from the dining-room a half-hour later they were all smiling at one of Maynard's comical stories and the parsonage seemed as peaceful as the Colonel's quarters at Fort Lincoln.

As the Parkers rose to go Elsie was standing near the door. Lawson, approaching her, asked in a low voice: "*Are* you going to the mess-house to-night? If you are, I want to go with you."

"In a moment I'll be ready," she replied, but her eyes wavered. As they stepped out together quite in the old way he abruptly, but gently, began:

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14, 1901.

I wanted to say, Elsie Bee Bee, that there is no need of the constraint which you seem to have put on since our return from Red Wolf. I want you to be your frank old self with me. I'll not take advantage of it. I've had some pretty dark days since then, but I am not charging them up against you. In fact, I can see that you are right in your decision, but it hurts me to have you avoid me as you have done."

There was something in his voice which brought the hot tears to her eyes, and she replied very gently: "I am very sorry, Osborne. I hoped you wouldn't care so much."

"I wouldn't if I could help it — for my own sake as well as yours; but the fact is I didn't realize how you'd taken root in my thoughts till I tried to put you away. It is said that no two lovers are ever equal sharers in affection — one always gives more than the other — or one expects more than the other. I was perfectly sincere when I made that bargain about the ring, and I know you were — but you are younger than I — and that has changed the conditions for you. I am older than you thought me, and I find myself demanding more and more. I think I understand more fully now than I did two days ago why you gave me back the ring and I do not complain of it. I shall never again refer to it — but we can at least be friends."

She put out her hand. "Don't, please — don't."

"But I can't bear your being stiff and uncomfortable in my presence, Elsie. You even called me 'Mr. Lawson'!" There was a pathetic sort of humor in his voice which touched her, though she laughed. "Now, that is unjustifiable in any case," he added.

She gave him her hand. "Very well, Osborne, we'll be the same good friends we've always been. But you're mistaken in thinking ——"

"Time will tell," he interrupted, and his voice was [illegible]. "Anyhow, we are on a sound footing once more. Good-night, Elsie Bee Bee."

TWENTY-THIRD CHAPTER

THE messengers from both Riddell and Piñon came in about daylight laden with papers and telegrams. The telegrams naturally received first reading. There was one filled with instructions from the Secretary of the Interior, and one from the Commissioner, bidding Curtis stand firm. There were anxious ones from various cities, all of this tenor: "Is there any danger? — my niece is one of your teachers," etc. In the midst of the others Curtis came upon a fat one for Elsie, plainly from her father, and he permitted himself the pleasure of carrying it to the studio, where he found her at work painting a little brown tot of a girl and her smiling mother.

"I have a telegram for you, from your father, no doubt."

She rose quickly and as she finished it she laughed. "Poor papa — he is genuinely scared. Read it."

He took the telegram with more interest than he dared to show. It was most peremptory in tone: "Reports from Fort Smith most alarming. Come out at once. Have wired the Agent to furnish escort and conveyance. Shall expect you to reply immediately, giving news that you have left Agency. You should not have gone there. I will meet you at Piñon City if possible — if I do not take train for Alta. Wire me your plans. Country is much alarmed. I must hear from you at once or shall be worried."

Curtis looked up with an amused light in his eyes. "He's a little incoherent but sufficiently mandatory. When will you start?"

"I will send a telegram out at once that I am safe — and all danger over."

"Very well. A messenger will start back at one o'clock with letters and messages. Anything you wish to send can go at the same time."

"What news have you?"

"I only had time to glance at my mail, but the papers are all that Lawson has predicted. If you would know how important a criminal I am, read these;" he pointed at a bundle on a chair. "I must go back to the office now, but I shall wait for your letters and telegrams before dispatching a messenger. If you think it better to go than to stay I shall ask Captain Maynard to escort you to the station."

"I will stay," she replied.

She wired briefly to her father, saying: "I am quite safe and hard at work — don't worry," and also wrote a letter giving further details, taking strong ground against the way in which the cattlemen had invaded the Reservation, and ending: "I have a fine studio, plenty of models and am in fine health. I cannot think of giving up my work because of this foolish panic."

As she ran through the papers and caught the full significance of their precipitate attack on Curtis her teeth clenched in indignation.

As she read on, tingling with wrath, the girl caught an amazing side glimpse of herself as she used to be. She remembered reading just such reports once before and believing in them, and joining with her father in his desire to punish the red men. In this flashing light her violent change of mind was revealed. She had become acquainted with a good man who was on the other side — and she now knew something of the race that these rash people would extirpate. Truly the shield which had once been red was now white. A hot blush of shame rose to her cheeks at thought of having permitted herself to fight on the side of men who could utter such slanderous charges out of petty self-interest.

Was Lawson right? Had her notions of the brave and noble pioneers, fighting the wild beast and the savage, arisen from ignorance of their true nature? Were they as narrow, as bigoted, as relentless and as greedy as these articles hinted at? Many of Lawson's frankly contemptuous phrases came back to her at the moment and she began to feel that he was nearer right than she had been. And then her father? Would he sanction such libels as these? He had done so before, she now remembered, and doubtless he would be obliged to do so again if he were to secure reelection. He was already retained for the settlers' cause.

Then the essential grandeur of the position held in common by both Curtis and Lawson — the right of the small people to their place on the planet — came to her, and in opposition to her lover's grave, sweet eyes she saw a thousand brutal, leering, jeering lips, the faces of sordid or reckless and criminal white men, and in that moment she comprehended in some degree the feelings of a chief like Grayman as he confronted the oncoming hordes of a destroying alien race.

Smoothing out her telegram she added a bitterly significant line: "Captain Curtis is right in defending these people. The cattlemen are brutally wrong. They are atrocious."

Then gathering up the papers, together with her letters and telegrams, she walked across the way to the office ready to speak a word of comfort to the soldier. No one was in the outer office but Wilson, who rose precipitately as she entered.

"Here are some letters and a telegram or two which Captain Curtis promised to send for me," she said with a sudden tremor at her heart.

"Certainly; would you like to see the Captain?"

"It is not necessary," she said and turned away with a feeling of having lost something beautiful out of her life. The impulse passed as quickly as it came — and then she shuddered with a sudden realization of the danger she had escaped.

Meanwhile, in the grassy hollow between two round-top hills, the bands of Elk and Grayman were gathered in extraordinary council. No one was in gala dress, no one was painted; all were serious, sad or morose. On their folded blankets the head men sat in a small circle on the smooth sod, exposed to the blazing sun. Behind them stood or knelt a larger circle, the men and boys on one side, the women on the other, and in the rear, mounted on their fleetest ponies, sat some two hundred of the young men, enthralled listeners to the impassioned speeches of the old men.

Crawling Elk made the first address, repeating the story which the Agent had told and calling upon all those who sat before him to search for the guilty one and report to him if they found him. His words were received in silence.

Then Grayman rose and, stepping into the circle, began to speak in a low and sorrowful voice. Something in his tone and gestures enlisted the almost breathless interest of his people. There was a tragic pathos in his utterance as he said:

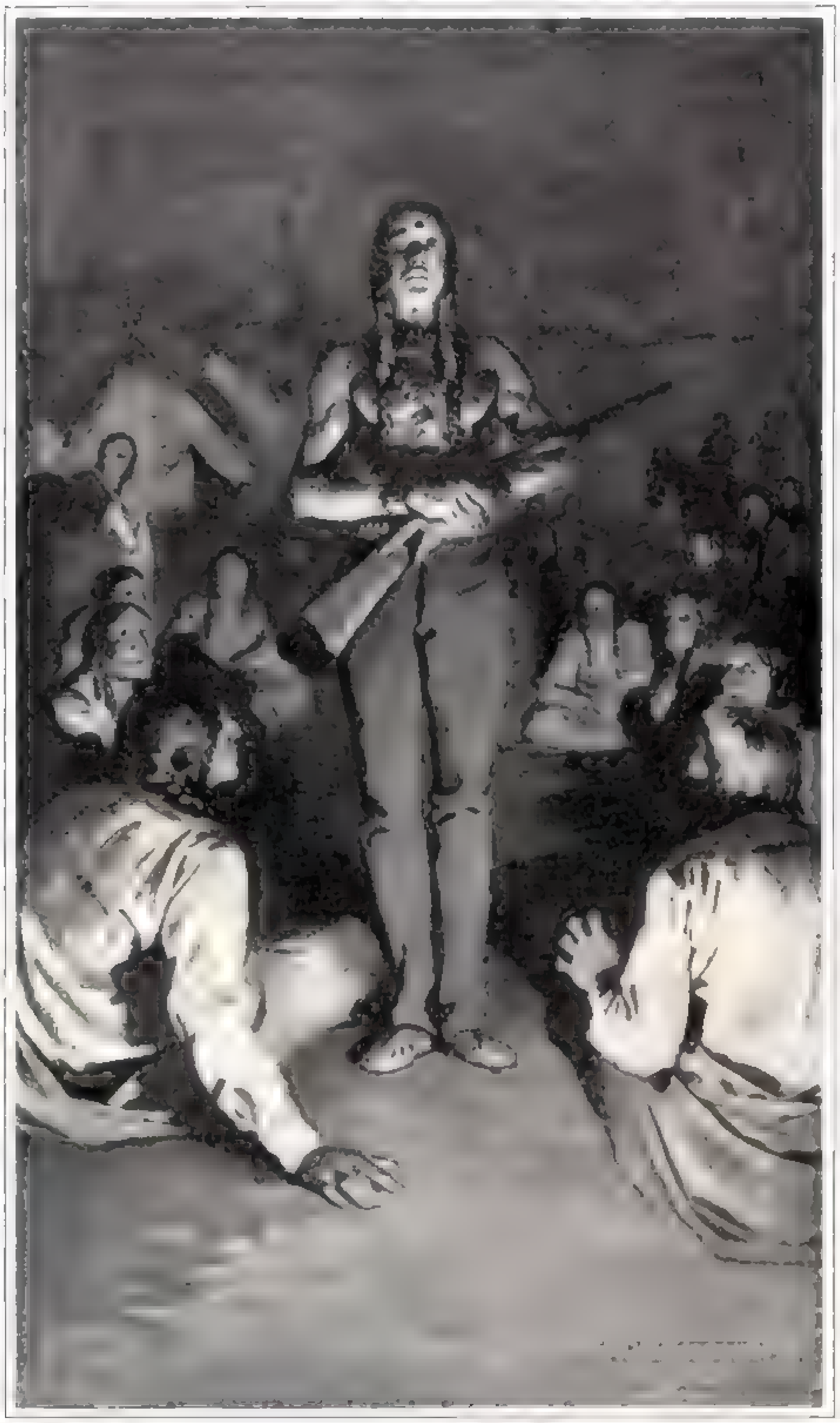
"You see how it is, brothers; we are like a nest of ants in a white man's field, which he is plowing. We are only a few and weak, while all around us our enemies press in upon us. We have only one friend — our Little Father. We must do as he says. We must give up a man to the war chief of the cowboys. They will never believe that any one else killed the sheepman. The cattlemen and sheepmen are always quarreling — but they, too, join hands to fight the Tetongs.

"It is death to us to fight the white man — I know it. Unless we all want to die we must not become angry now — we must do as the Father says, and if we cannot find the man who did this thing, I will myself go and give myself into the hands of the white war chief." A murmur of protest and anger ran round the circle. "It is better for me to suffer than many," he went on, "and I am old. My wife is dead. I have but one son and he is estranged from me. I say if we cannot find who did this thing then I am willing to go and be killed of the white people to keep the peace. I have said it."

Standing Elk leaped to his feet. He was a tall, gaunt, excitable man. "We will not do this," he said. "We will fight first!" And among the young warriors there was applause. "The Tetongs are not dogs to be always kicked in the ribs. I have fought the white man. I have fought 'Long Hair' and 'Bear Robe.' I am not afraid to fight. I am old, but my heart is yet big."

Crawling Elk rose, and his broad, good-humored face shone in the sun like polished bronze as he turned his cheek to the wind.

"The words of my brother are loud and quick," he said slowly. "In the ancient time it was always so. He was ever ready to fight. I was always opposed to fighting. We must not talk of fighting now — all that is put away. It belongs to the suns that have gone over our heads. We must now talk of cattle-herding and plowing. We must strive



[illegible]

always to be at peace with the cowboys. I, too, am old — I have not many years to live — but you young men have a long time to live and you cannot be always fighting the white man — you must be wise and patient. Our Little Father, Swift Eagle, is our friend; you can trust him. You can put your hand in his and find it strong and warm. His heart is good and his words are wise. If we can find the man who did this evil thing we must give him up. It is not right that all of us should suffer for the wickedness of one man."

This speech was also received in silence, but plainly produced a powerful effect. Then one of the scouts who found the body rose and told what he knew of the case. "I do not think a Tetong killed the man," he said

In this wise the talk proceeded for nearly two hours and then the council rose to meet again at sunset, and word of what had been said was carried to Curtis by Crawling Elk and Grayman.

To Elk Curtis said: "This is the way to do: Go over the names of all your reckless young men and when you reach one you think might do such a deed, question him and his people. The shells of the rifle were the largest size — that may help you. Your old men would not do this thing — their heads are cool — but some of your young men have hot hearts and may have quarreled with this herder."

To Grayman he gave the same suggestion and command and they both went away deeply concerned. Grayman was especially troubled because he could not help thinking all the time of Cut-Finger, his nephew.

Running Fox, or "Cut Finger" as the white people called him, he knew to be a morose and reckless young man, and probably possessed of some evil spirit, for at times he was quite crazy. Once he had forced his pony into the cooking lodge of Bear Paw for no reason at all, and Bear Paw in a rage had snatched up his rifle and fired, putting a bullet through the bridle hand of Running Fox, who thus lost two fingers. At another time the crazy fool had tried to force his horse to leap a cliff, and during another fit of rage had tried to drown himself; and yet, between these obsessions he could be very winning, and there were many among Elk's band who pitied him. He had indeed married a handsome girl, the daughter of Standing Elk. It was easy to imagine that Cut-Finger was the guilty one, and yet to think of him was to think of his son's intimate friend

When he reached his teepee Grayman lit his pipe and sat down alone, and with bowed head remained in deep thought for a long time. He feared to find Cut Finger guilty, for he knew his own son to be Cut-Finger's chum, or fellow, and that means the closest intimacy. There are no secrets between a Tetong and his chum. "If Cut-Finger is guilty then my son knows of it. I fear!"

When any came to the door he motioned them away. Even his daughter dared not enter, for she saw him in meditation. As he smoked he made offering to the great spirits and prayed that he might be shown the right way.

Crawling Elk, with a half dozen of his head men, was seated in his teepee calmly discussing the same question. The canvas of his lodge was raised, as much to insure privacy as to let the wind sweep through It was not easy to accuse any man of this crime or even to suggest the name of any one capable of it — for relationships were close — therefore it was that he, too, narrowed the investigation down to Cut-Finger It is easier to accuse the son of a neighbor than your own son, especially if that son is also partially insane.

At five o'clock Grayman called his daughter and said "Send my sister, Standing Cloud, to me."

Standing Cloud came and took a seat on the outside of the teepee, on the side where the canvas was fastened up, and there she sat with bent head, her fingers busy with blades of grass, as her brother questioned her. She was a large and comely woman of middle age. Her expression was still youthful and her voice had girlish lightness. She was at once deeply moved by her brother's questions. She did not know where her son was; he had not been to see her for several days. She understood whereto the questioning tended and stoutly denied that her son would do so evil a deed. Nevertheless Grayman was compelled to say:

"You know he has a bad head," and he made the confused, wavering sign of the hand which signified crazy or foolish — and the mother rose and went away sobbing.

Then Grayman recalled the words of the Little Father, "If my own father should do such a wrong I would give him up to the war chief." He therefore said: "If my son and my sister's son are guilty I will give them up," and he rose and

(Continued on Page 20)

How Albert Edward Saw America

By René Bache

IT IS probable that Prince Henry of Hohenzollern has little notion of what an ordeal awaits him in this country. Albert Edward, now King of Great Britain, went through a painful experience here nearly forty-two years ago, and it is not recorded that he ever expressed a desire to visit the United States again. He was with us about four weeks, and during that period had not one moment of repose. Whenever he happened to be out-of-doors, no matter where it was, he was surrounded by a yelling and struggling mob; at other times he was obliged to go through a series of receptions and other forms of alleged entertainment which brought him to the verge of physical collapse.

There was no question of allowing the Prince to amuse himself in any way of his own choosing. On arriving at each new city he found his time marked out for him by a reception committee, and the only privacy or liberty given to him was during the few short hours requisite for sleep. He was put on show much as if he had been some exceptionally attractive feature of a circus, and in this manner was carried about from place to place, the cynosure of the vulgar and the curious.

Albert Edward left England for the purpose of visiting Canada, and his tour in the United States was an afterthought, inspired by a cordial invitation from President Buchanan. His journey through the British possessions brought him, September 20, 1860, to Niagara Falls, where he saw the famous Blondin cross on a rope. Blondin carried a man across, and then performed the feat alone on stilts; but the royal youth did not enjoy the exhibition. There was much disappointment among some of the people, who had understood, quite seriously, that Blondin would carry the Prince on the rope — a feature of the entertainment which failed to take place.

On September 21 the Prince left Windsor, on the Canadian side, and arrived in Detroit. Simultaneously he dropped all of his titles except the comparatively humble one of Baron Renfrew, and in this modest guise he first stepped upon Yankee soil, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, his guardian and mentor, and the Earl of St. Germains, High Steward of Her Majesty's Household.

The Hoax Perpetrated by a St. Louis Joker

From Detroit the Prince went to Chicago. The next stop was to be St. Louis, but the date of his arrival there had not been fixed, and this gave an opportunity for a somewhat notorious local joker to dress himself up as the Duke of Newcastle, and to arrive in town accompanied by a large boy in uniform who was supposed to be Albert Edward. Persons previously engaged to help along the hoax posted placards about the streets, announcing "officially" the presence of the royal guest. People gathered in immense crowds; women fought to see the "Prince," and even the newspapers, being completely humbugged, came out with "extras."

At length, however, the real Prince reached St. Louis, and thence he went on to Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and finally to Washington, where he arrived October 3.

Carriages were waiting outside the railway station, and the Prince and his party, entering them, were driven rapidly to the White House. In the first carriage were Albert Edward, Secretary Cass, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Lyons, British Minister to Washington. When they reached the Executive Mansion they found Mr. Buchanan awaiting them at the front door, and, the introductions being made by General Cass, the President greeted the Prince with a warm shake of the hand and words of welcome.

Mr. Buchanan then led the way to the Blue Parlor, where he introduced the guests to his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, who officiated during his Administration as mistress of the White House. After a few minutes spent in conversation, the company was invited to go out into the grounds, the weather being pleasant, and thus the time was occupied until it was necessary to dress for dinner.

At dinner, which was at 6 P. M., thirty-four persons sat down, including the members of the Cabinet and Lord Lyons. The Prince sat opposite the President and on the right hand of Miss Lane, and the Duke of Newcastle was at Mr. Buchanan's right. In the middle of the table was a golden tray bearing seven gold vases filled with artificial flowers. Other vases filled with natural flowers stood around. During the repast — such details are interesting at this distance of time — the Marine Band played British and American national airs. The evening was spent in the Blue Parlor.

The Prince of Wales' Game of Tenpins

At eleven o'clock the next day the Prince and his party visited the Capitol, the dome of which was at that time unfinished. He examined the paintings in the rotunda with much interest, and criticised the new House of Representatives as "very splendid, but too gaudy." A reception at the White House followed, and the crush in the East Room was awful. Albert Edward wore a blue coat, gray trousers and a garrote collar (his customary costume), and stood at the right of the President. He merely bowed to those who were presented to him, but several ladies succeeded in shaking his hand.

The reception was to have lasted an hour, but after thirty minutes the Prince pleaded that he was tired, and no more people were admitted. Next came luncheon, and then the visitors were taken to see the Patent Office and other public buildings. So far it was a fairly tiresome day, but Miss Lane helped things later by carrying the Prince off to Mrs. Smith's Institute for Young Ladies, in Georgetown, where he stayed for two hours, playing tenpins in the gymnasium.

Albert Edward was extremely fond of tenpins, and he and Miss Lane, playing against Secretary Thompson and the Duke of Newcastle, came out ahead. It may be that the Duke was too good a courtier to win; but it is certain that the fair Harriet had no such ideas, for presently she challenged the Prince to single combat with the wooden balls, and beat him badly. By this time the royal guest was in a thoroughly good humor, and, seeing several brass rings suspended from the ceiling, he caught hold of them and swung himself about. "He seemed a boy again," says the contemporary chronicler, "and was so gay and light-hearted that even the grave Duke of Newcastle was induced to participate in the fun."

But the fretful finger of duty was already touching the Prince's sleeve. The Duke looked at his watch, and the party hurried back to the White House just in time to dress for a state dinner, which the Prince was "too fatigued to enjoy." There were to be fireworks in the evening, and Miss Lane had invited about three hundred people to come and see them. Rain began to fall, unfortunately, and the pyrotechnics were partly spoiled; but one large "set piece," which was one hundred and sixty-five feet long and fifty feet high, representing the united arms of Great Britain and the United States, was voted a colossal success

When the fireworks began Miss Lane, escorted by the Prince, appeared on the south balcony, followed by the President and the guests. The Marine Band played in the East Room, and all was "gas and gaiters," save for the fact that Albert Edward slipped away mysteriously — as was subsequently alleged, for the purpose of going out to see the city, informally, and without a Duke at his elbow. It is probable, however, that this was a slander. Certain it is that he turned up all right at supper which was served at 11 P. M

The next day, at 10 A. M., the Prince was taken to see Mount Vernon. Mr. Buchanan, Miss Lane and Lord Lyons, as well as a lot of other people, went with him. It was a beautiful day. They looked over the house and grounds, "stood reverently uncovered in the room in which Washington died," examined the key of the Bastile and other curios, and finally went to see the tomb of the Father of His Country. The Marine Band, invariably to be counted upon, had arrived before them, and, "concealed by a neighboring thicket, began playing a dirge composed for the occasion by the leader.

The scene was described as most impressive. With uncovered heads the party stood and silently contemplated, through the grated door of the tomb, the sarcophagus which contained the dust of the great American. "A sad cloud softened the sunlight, and the sweet strains of the dirge floated around, bringing unconscious tears to eyes unused to weep." Descriptive writers were employed on the newspapers even in those days

Albert Edward planted a young horse-chestnut tree on a grassy mound not far from the tomb, and by this time he began to find himself assailed by an appetite. When the party returned to the cutter Harriet Lane, which had brought them down the river, lunch had been made ready. It was a fine repast, and at its close the deck was cleared for dancing, the Marine Band this time contributing something more cheerful than a dirge. The Prince opened with Miss Lane, and followed with Miss Slidell, Miss Gwin, Miss Riggs, and two or three other fortunate young women. He was having such a good time that he asked to have the boat slowed up, and thus four hours were spent on the journey.

When they got back to the capital the party drove to the British Legation for dinner. It was another grand and formal affair, Lord Lyons sitting opposite Mr. Buchanan, with the Prince and Miss Lane on either side of him. When it was over Albert Edward returned to the White House, and on the following day he embarked for Acquia Creek, where a special train was in waiting to take him to Richmond

A Trying Experience at Philadelphia

From Richmond he went to Philadelphia, where thirty rooms had been engaged for him and his friends at the Continental Hotel. He had rather a hard time in the Quaker City. The people were so anxious to make it agreeable for him that they almost mobbed him in the streets, and women bribed the porters of the hotel to give them a chance to stand near the door of his bedroom and touch him as he went in or out. Of course, the military turned out, and there was a great procession. Announcement having been made of the fact that he was to be at the opera ordinary seats were sold for from twenty-five dollars to forty dollars. The opera was Martha, with an act of Traviata, and Patti sang The Last Rose of Summer. Brignoli, the tenor, sang also, and, after Patti had given the first stanza of God Save the Queen, another singer added:

"Long may the Prince abide,
England's hope, joy and pride.
Long live the Prince!"

Everybody in the theatre rose while this was sung, and every one sat down afterward while Hail Columbia was played. The Prince showed an inclination to get upon his legs for Hail Columbia, but gave up the idea, seeing that nobody else rose.

A special train conveyed the Prince from Philadelphia to Perth Amboy, where the cutter Harriet Lane met him for the purpose of taking him to New York.

The Prince went from New York to West Point, thence to Albany, and then on to Boston, where he attended a ball and saw a military review. His trip through the United States ended at Portland, Maine, where he boarded a British warship to return to England — doubtless much gratified by what he had seen in America, but also unquestionably delighted to be through with so exhausting an ordeal.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, to his son Pierrepont, at The Planters' Palace Hotel, at Big Gap, Kentucky

— open to congratulations because he reached the tree first

CHICAGO, April 10, 189-

Dear Pierrepont: You ought to be feeling mighty thankful to-day to the fellow who invented fractions, because while your selling cost for last month was within the limit, it took a good deal of help from the decimal system to get it there. You are in the position of the boy who was chased by the bull—open to congratulations because he reached the tree first, and to condolence because a fellow up a tree, in the middle of a forty acre lot, with a disappointed bull for company, is in a mighty bad fix.

I don't want to bear down hard on you right at the beginning of your life on the road, but I would feel a good deal happier over your showing if you would make a downright failure or a clean-cut success once in a while, instead of always just skinning through this way. It looks to me as if you were trying only half as hard as you could, and in trying it's the second half that brings results. If there's one piece of knowledge that is of less use to a fellow than knowing when he's beat, it's knowing when he's done just enough work to keep from being fired. Of course, you are bright enough to be a half-way man, and to hold a half-way place on a half way salary by doing half the work you are capable of, but you've got to add dynamite and ginger and jounce to your equipment if you want to get the other half that's coming to you. You've got to believe that the Lord made the first hog with the Graham brand burned in the skin, and that the drove which rushed down a steep place was packed by a competitor. You've got to know your goods from A to Izzard, from snout to tail, on the hoof and in the can. You've got to know 'em like a young mother knows baby talk, and to be as proud of 'em as the young father of a twelve pound boy, without really thinking that you're stretching it four pounds. You've got to believe in yourself and make your buyers take stock in you at par and accrued interest. You've got to have the scent of a bloodhound for an order, and the grip of a bulldog on a customer. You've got to feel the same personal solicitude over a bill of goods that strays off to a competitor as a parson over a backslider, and hold special services to bring it back into the fold. You've got to get up every morning with determination if you're going to go to bed with satisfaction. You've got to eat hog, think hog, dream hog — in short, go the whole hog if you're going to win out in the pork-packing business.

That's a pretty liberal receipt, I know, but it's intended for a fellow who wants to make a good-sized pie. And the only thing you ever find in pastry that you don't put in yourself is flies.

You have had a wide-open chance during the last few months to pick up a good deal about the practical end of the business, and between trips now you ought to spend every spare minute in the packing-house getting posted. Nothing earns better interest than judicious questions, and the man who invests in more knowledge of the business than he has to have in order to hold his job has capital with which to buy a mortgage on a better one.

I may be mistaken, but I am just a little afraid that you really did not get beyond a bowing acquaintance with Mr. Porker when you were here at the packing house. Of course, there isn't anything particularly pretty about a hog, but any animal which has its kindly disposition and benevolent inclination to yield up a handsome margin of profit to those who get close to it is worthy of a good deal of respect and attention.

I ain't one of those who believe that a half knowledge of a subject is useless, but it has been my experience that when a fellow has that half knowledge he finds it's the other half which would really come in handy. So, when a man's in the selling end of the business what he really needs to know is the manufacturing end, and when he's in the factory he can't know too much about the trade.

You're just about due now to run into a smart Aleck buyer who'll show you a sample of lard which he'll say was made by a competitor, and ask what you think the grand jury ought to do to a house which had the nerve to label it "leaf." Of course, you will nose around it and look wise and say that, while you hesitate to criticise, you are afraid it would smell like a hot-box on a freight if any one tried to fry doughnuts in it. That is the place where the buyer will call for Jack and Charlie to get in on the laugh, and when he has wiped away the tears he will tell you that it is your own lard, and prove it to you. Of course, there won't be anything really the matter with it, and if you had been properly posted you would have looked surprised when he showed it to you and said:

"I don't quite diagnose the case your way, Mr. Smith; that's a blamed sight better lard than I thought Muggins & Co. were making." And you'd have driven a spike right through that fellow's little joke and have nailed down his order hard and tight with the same blow.

That is the place where the buyer will call for Jack and Charlie to get in on the laugh

What you know is a club for you, and what you don't know is a meat-ax for the other fellow. That is why you want to be on the lookout all the time for information about the business, and to nail a fact just as a sensible man nails a mosquito — the first time it settles near him. Of course, a fellow may get another chance, but the odds are that if he misses the first opening he will lose a good deal of blood before he gets the second.

Speaking of finishing up a subject as you go along naturally calls to mind the case of Josh Jenkinson, back in my home town. As I first remember Josh, he was just bone and by-products. Wasn't an ounce of real meat on him. In fact he was so blamed thin that when he bought an outfit of clothes his wife used to make them over into two suits for him. Josh would eat a little food now and then, just to be sociable, but what he really lived on was tobacco. Usually kept a chew in one cheek and a cob pipe in the other. He was a powerful hand for a joke and had one of those porous heads and movable scalps which go with a sense of humor in a small village. Used to scare us boys by drawing on his pipe and letting the smoke sort of leak out through his eyes and ears and nose. Pretended that he was on fire inside and that he was the devil. Old Doc Hoover caught him at it once and told us that he wasn't, but allowed that he was a blood relation.

Elder Hoover was a Methodist off the tip of the sirloin. There weren't any evasions or generalities or metaphors in his religion. The lower layers of the hereafter weren't Hades or Gehenna with him, but just plain Hell, and mighty hot, too, you bet. His creed was built of sheet iron and bolted together with inch rivets. He kept the fire going under the boiler night and day, and he was so blamed busy stoking it that he didn't have much time to map out the golden streets. When he blew off it was superheated steam and you could see the sinners who were in range fairly sizzle and parboil and shrivel up. There was no give in Doc; no compromises with creditors; no fire sales. He wasn't one of those elders who would let a fellow dance the lancers if he'd swear off on waltzing; or tell him it was all right to play whist in the parlor if he'd give up penny-ante at the Dutchman's; or wink at his smoking if he'd quit whisky.

Josh knew this, so he kept away from the camp-meeting, though the Elder gunned for him pretty steady for a matter of five years. But one summer when the meetings were extra interesting, it got so lonesome sitting around with the whole town off in the woods that Josh sneaked out to the edge of the camp and hid behind some bushes where he could hear what was going on. The elder was carrying about two hundred and fifty pounds, by the gauge, that day, and with that pressure he naturally traveled into the sinners pretty fast. The first thing Josh knew he was out from under cover and a hallelujahing down between the seats to the mourners' bench. When the Elder saw what was coming he turned on the forced draft. Inside of ten minutes he had Josh under conviction and had taken his pipe and plug away from him.

I am just a little inclined to think that Josh would have backslid if he hadn't been a practical joker, and a critter of that breed is about as afraid of a laugh on himself as a raw colt of a steam roller. So he stuck it out, and began to take an interest in meal time. Kicked because it didn't come eight or ten times a day. The first thing he knew he had fatted up till he filled out his half suit and had to put it away in camphor. Then he bought a whole suit, living-skeleton size. In two weeks he had strained a shoulder seam and looked as if he was wearing tights. So he retired that one from circulation and moved up a size. That one was a little loose, and it took him a good month to crowd it.

Josh was a pretty hefty man now, but he kept right on bulging out, building on an addition here and putting out a bay window there, all the time retiring new suits, until his wife had fourteen of them laid away in the chest.

Said it didn't worry him. That he was bound to lose flesh sooner or later. That he would catch them on the way down, and wear them out one at a time. But when he got up to three hundred and fifty pounds he just stuck. Tried exercise and dieting and foreign waters, but he couldn't budge an ounce. In the end he had to give the clothes to the Widow Doolan, who had fourteen sons in assorted sizes.

I simply mention Josh in passing as an example of the fact that a fellow can't bank on getting a chance to go back and take up a thing that he has passed over once, and to call your attention to the fact that a man who knows his own business thoroughly will find an opportunity sooner or later of reaching the most hardened cuss of a buyer on his route and of getting a share of his.

I want to caution you right here against learning all there is to know about pork-packing too quick. Business is a good deal like a nigger's wool — it doesn't look very deep, but there are a heap of kinks and curves in it.

When I was a boy and the fellow in pink tights came into the ring, I used to think he was doing all that could be reasonably expected when he kept eight or ten glass balls going in the air at once. But the beautiful lady in the blue tights would keep right on handing him things — kerosene lamps and carving knives and miscellaneous cutlery and crockery, and he would get them going, too, without losing his happy smile. The great trouble with most young fellows is that they think they have learned all they need to know and given the audience its money's worth when they can keep the glass balls going, and so they balk at the kerosene lamp and the rest of the implements of light house keeping. But there is no real limit to the amount of extras a fellow with the right stuff in him will take on without losing his grin.

I want to see you come up smiling; I want to feel you in the business, not only on pay day but every other day. I want to know that you are running yourself full time and overtime, stocking up your brain so that when the demand comes you will have the goods to offer. So far, you promise to make a fair to ordinary salesman among our retail trade. I want to see you grow into a car-lot man — so strong and big that you will force us to see that you are out of place among the little fellows. Buck up!

Your affectionate father,
JOHN GRAHAM

Josh would eat a little food now and then, just to be sociable, but what he really lived on was tobacco

Editor's Note — This is the tenth of the Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. The eleventh will appear in a fortnight.

* * *

Civilization by Chemistry

IT MIGHT be said that the civilization of a country is measured by its consumption of sulphuric acid, a chemical product which is at the bottom of almost every industry. Chemistry is responsible for the existence of all explosives. In this last respect, so far as usefulness for war is concerned, it might be deemed destructive; but in its production of fertilizers it is creative, and in its manufacture of medicines it is preservative of human life. Chemistry has made it practicable to produce a pure quality of gas for illuminating purposes. There would be no good inks if it were not for chemical science. Where would photography be but for chemistry, upon which the whole art depends? The new "developers," by the way, are coal-tar products, and the manufacture of dry-plates is a chemical industry.

The whole leather industry depends upon chemistry, for tanning is a chemical process. Mineral oils, such as kerosene, are purified by chemical means, and the same may be said of vegetable oils and of all the pigments employed for painting. Many kinds of foods are preserved by the help of salicylic acid and other chemicals, which are not harmful when used in very small quantities.

By the methods indicated the average production of wheat per acre in this country may be raised from thirteen bushels to forty bushels, and the average production of corn from twenty-seven bushels to eighty bushels. It is simply a question of applying the newest chemical knowledge. In this way it is perfectly practicable to multiply the yield of the present wheat region by three. The United States now produces wheat enough to make bread for 100,000,000 people; without increasing the wheat-growing area by one acre they can feed 300,000,000 people. Any farmer can ascertain what his soil requires in order to make it fertile by sending a pinch of it to the Department of Agriculture, where it will be analyzed.

THE
SATURDAY
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶Uncle Sam has not hitherto sought troubles, but he is still buying islands.

¶When Prince Henry has seen the Bowery in New York and the stockyards in Chicago his tour may be considered complete.

¶Some means will have to be devised before long to enable the Senate to carry on business without affronting Senator Ben Tillman.

¶The Philippines are now thoroughly pacified. But the War Department is stationing an immense garrison in the islands just to show that there is no hard feeling.

¶It will be observed that Edward VII is wise enough not to have his coronation ceremonies in March. There will be no aftermath of pneumonia among the nobility.

¶We are all good Democrats and Republicans and we adore the Declaration and its statement about men being created equal and all that, but at the same time a real Prince draws an American crowd.

¶It was pleasant to behold the beautiful unanimity of Congress in regard to the proposition to take off the war taxes. In this case the country was of very much the same mind as Congress. For once at least we have had complete harmony.

Columbia and Her Wooers

IT IS something new for this modest little Republic to find herself so assiduously courted by the Powers of Europe as is her experience just now. Indeed, such a thing would be novel for any country. It is not often that diplomacy so frankly reveals the desirability of a particular nation's friendship. Up to four years ago there appeared nothing of this warm desire in Europe to compete for our favor. When we expressed our views to England on the subject of Venezuela, the response could not be called cousinly. The French had a number of things to say about us on the subject of Mexico and Panama. The Germans were not tender of our feelings when they discussed Samoa and the American Hog.

When the Spanish War broke out almost the only kind words we had anywhere came from England. Most of the Continental Powers seemed content to let the English have the monopoly of American friendship.

Now the Russian Ambassador at Washington says that Russia was our true friend during the Spanish War. M Hanotaux, who was the French Minister of Foreign Affairs at that time, asserts that Russia and France broke up a hostile combination against us which would have included England. A member of the British ministry officially states in the House of Commons that the Continental Powers deputed Austria to propose a joint interference in the war and that the scheme was side-tracked by England. This statement is immediately denied by the German Foreign Office, which officially declares "that Germany, neither before the outbreak of the Spanish American War nor during its course, proposed intervention to other Powers; neither did Germany support such a proposition made by any other Power."

The German Ambassador at Washington, after a visit to Berlin, smashes diplomatic traditions by publishing an authorized interview, in which he states that Germany has no intention of acquiring even a coaling station in the Western Hemisphere. The German Government takes pains to make it known that any action it may take in Venezuela is to be taken after full consultation with the United States and will be governed by a scrupulous regard for American policies and American susceptibilities.

The German Emperor invites President Roosevelt's daughter to christen his yacht, and sends his brother with a full outfit of silver spoons from the Imperial butler's pantry to grace the occasion

Such assiduous attentions are calculated to turn the head of any nation. It would be hard to find their parallel in the history of diplomacy. It is fortunate for us that such intoxicating incitements to vanity are held in check by our native modesty.

* * *

Borrowed trouble is sure to exact an excessive interest

Prophecy as a Fine Art

MR. H. G. WELLS has succumbed to the danger always threatening men of imagination. He has begun to take himself seriously. There is nothing discreditable in this It is one of the penalties of a luxuriant mind. Edward Bellamy, Conan Doyle, Kipling and Tolstoi, to run the gamut of literature, have been overcome by the same temptation.

Mr. Wells has written a number of fascinating fantasies, so plausible that they have finally imposed upon himself. They have convinced him that he is entitled to set up in business as a scientific prophet. The other evening he delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution before a distinguished audience on the Discovery of the Future. He held that it was possible, by the study of causes now in operation, to construct a science of history which should work ahead as well as backward, so that we could predict the condition of the world in the centuries to come as accurately as we can describe its conditions in the centuries that have passed. He expressed his disbelief in the importance of the leading man, holding "that, if by some juggling with space and time, Cæsar, Napoleon, William the Conqueror, and other great individualities had been changed at birth, it would have produced no serious dislocation of the course of destiny."

All this, of course, is simply a revival of the once popular, but now discarded, theories of Buckle. It has a scientific air but Mr. Wells would find it hard to reconcile it with the known facts of history.

It is usually hard to tell what would have been the result if some things that actually happened had turned out differently. Sometimes, however, this can be done. We know, for instance, with absolute certainty that if Frederick the Great had been killed in the first battle of the Seven Years' War, Prussia would have been conquered and divided among the neighboring Powers. There would have been no later German unity under Prussian leadership. There would probably have been no partition of Poland. There would have been incalculable changes in the position of France in the time of the Revolution and the Empire. The whole course of events in that period might have turned out differently.

Moreover, the collapse of Prussia in the first campaign of the Seven Years' War would have freed the hands of the French King for activity in America and India. France could have sent twenty or thirty thousand men to reinforce Montcalm, and that would have prevented the victory of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. Canada and the Valley of the Ohio would probably have remained French, and the English colonies, under the shadow of this always impending danger, would have continued to lean upon the mother country for support. Hence, there would have been no American Revolution at the time when it occurred

If the French Revolution had broken out, and England had gone to war with France, she would have had the American colonies on her side. With their increased population the French and Spanish possessions in North America would probably have been overrun, and the whole continent would have been united under the English Government. If a separation had afterward taken place, the continent would have gone together. On the other side of the world, France would have been able to send help to Lally, and the Indian Empire might have become French instead of English. These are the consequences, all of which might and some of which certainly would have followed if one of the thousands of bullets that were whizzing past the ears of Frederick the Great in the year 1756 had taken a slightly different course. Does Mr. Wells think that they do not represent any serious dislocation of the course of destiny?

The hero worshiper like Carlyle exaggerates the importance of the great man, but the pseudo-scientific thinker who reduces everything to uniform laws goes as far wrong on the other side. The great man is a mighty and incalculable factor in human history. Even Mr. Wells may alter the course of that history by speculations which may catch the fancy of mankind and some day be translated into action

* * *

That low, humming sound is the spring poet tuning up

A Daily Newspaper at Sea

ONE of the most interesting of the developments to be brought about by the practical adoption of wireless telegraphy will be its constant use for the benefit of passengers at sea. The absolute cutting off for a week from the possibility of communication with one's home or office has kept many a man from crossing the ocean. Fears of business complications, of deaths, of sudden emergencies, of events so important that irretrievable ruin would be worked before, at the end of the voyage, communication should once more be restored, have prevented many a man from sailing

Soon all this will be changed. The pilot who boards the incoming steamship will not be besieged by a throng of passengers entreating to be told the latest news of the world, for the passengers will know as much about it as does the pilot. Each day on board ship news will be received from every quarter of the globe, for such an arrangement can easily be made through some press association Each day on board every big liner a little newspaper will be set up and printed, giving, in brief, the essence of the news of the world And, far more important, there will be arrangements by which those on board the ship will enjoy the possibility of being in close telegraphic touch with their homes

The operator on board will receive messages from any quarter and will promptly send replies, and thus the trust magnate can be informed of vitally important happenings and can send instant directions to his subordinates; a lawyer can consult with his client; a physician can give advice in regard to some unexpected crisis; a father may receive constant reports regarding the sickness of a child Ships drifting helplessly at sea will be able to make their needs and their location known either to other ships, scores or hundreds of miles away, or to home ports, and each year wireless telegraphy will thus be the means of saving many lives

* * *

Some people spend their lives waiting at way stations for the limited express.

Wanted: A Popular Craze

THE hour seems ripe for the bringing forward of a new outdoor pastime. What are we going to do the coming summer? The old recreations seem a little to pall. Where is the individual who will provide us with a popular craze?

It may be suggested that there are enough old crazes, but this argues a lack of familiarity with the subject. The essence of a craze is newness. The bicycle, golf, the automobile, may be pointed to. In the matter of bicycling, it is a melancholy fact that as a popular craze it is a thing of the past. Many people ride bicycles, but they do it because desirous of arriving at a certain point, or to reduce their weight, or to add to their weight, or simply for pleasure. The good old times when everybody rode a bicycle because everybody else did are past. Here, in fact, is the true test of a popular craze — it is when you do a thing because everybody else is doing it, and not from base reasons of pleasure or business

Some maintain that golf is only just beginning, but this may be doubted. It will continue to be played rather largely, but only by those who really enjoy it

Of course, automobiling is not worn out, but it is a question if it can ever become a popular craze. There is in connection with it a serious and very delicate matter to be taken into consideration. It may as well be said first as last that some of us cannot afford to buy an automobile. It is not necessary to name names in the case of anything so humiliating, but the fact may as well be faced. The most we can do is to stay at home and write letters to the newspapers denouncing the speed of automobiles. This shows that our hearts are in the right place, but does little to add to the popularity of the pastime.

What, then, is to take the place of these waning or impossible sports? There is nothing in sight. It looked a few months ago as if historical novel writing might do so. It was rumored that the sporting-goods shops were about to put in pads of manuscript paper, demijohns of red ink, gross boxes of double-hardened stub pens and local color in the form of historical dictionaries; but nothing came of it. This is to be regretted, as the writing of the modern historical novel should certainly form an agreeable and health-giving exercise.

Spring is almost upon us, and summer treads close behind. Where is the popular craze?

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ORNAMENTS. [illegible]

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DIAL. [illegible]

MOVEMENT. [illegible]

Guaranteed to keep perfect time

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Sample Free by mail

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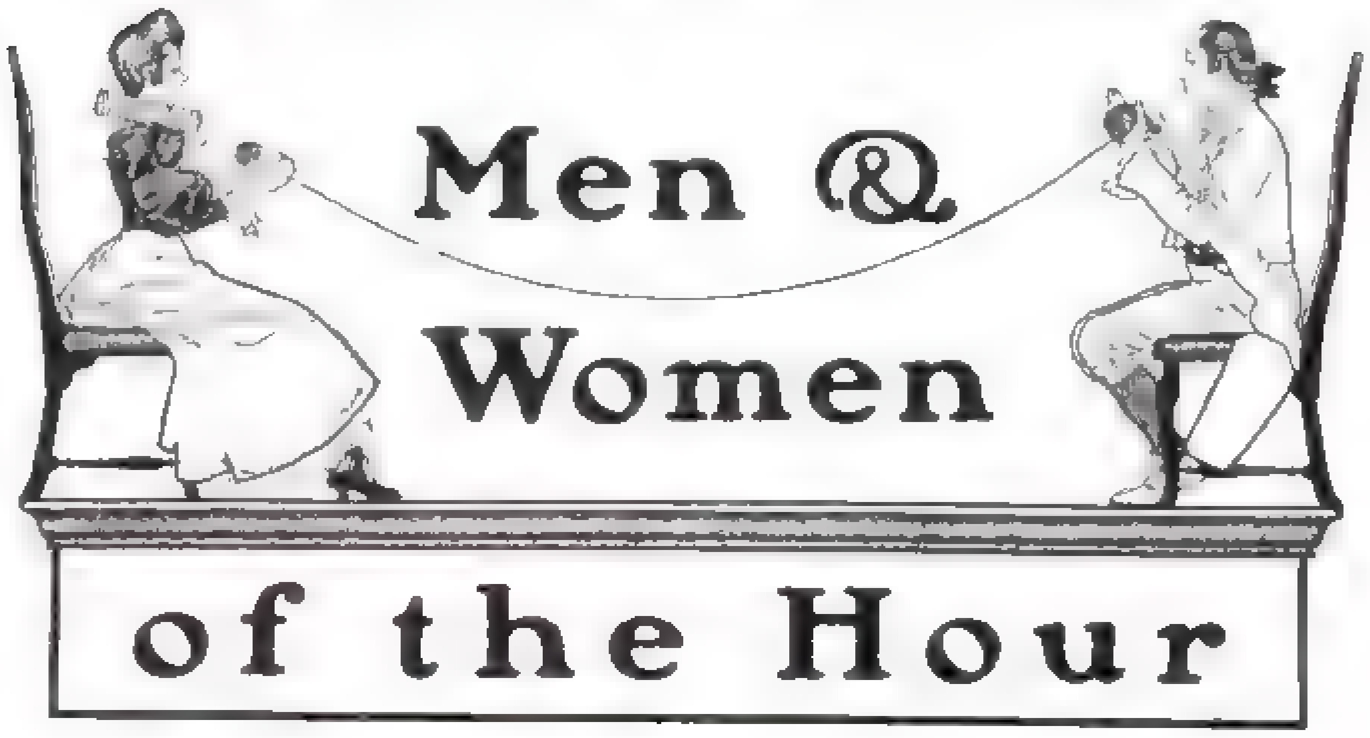
Pat. Apr. 1898



Men & Women of the Hour

How Bonner Saved Thirty Men

Mr. Hugh Bonner

MR. HUGH BONNER, former Chief of the Fire Department of New York City, who is going to Manila to organize and take charge of the Fire Department of that place for the United States Government, probably comes nearer to being the story-book kind of a fire-fighter than any other man on earth. He was in the paid department of the metropolis for thirty-four years, entering it at the age of twenty-seven, when it was organized in 1865. Previous to that he was in the volunteer department and there rose to be captain. He had been a tinsmith by trade, but from boyhood had "run with the machine," and loved fire-fighting better than anything else in the world except his wife and family. His rise in the service was steady from the first, and the Chieftaincy came to him in acknowledgment of his capacity. Whereas other firemen, even the most intelligent and progressive, relied on a knowledge of the apparatus at their command and a quick survey of the surrounding conditions to fight fires as they came along, Bonner made a profession of his business. He studied the city from the Battery to Harlem, just as a doctor studies the human body, and laid out in advance plans for handling a fire no matter where it might occur.

It was conceded while Mr. Bonner was Chief that he had a better knowledge of the construction of buildings in New York than had any other person either in or out of the service.

He could tell at a glance, upon arriving at a fire, what the prospects were for confining it within the building where it originated, and he always placed his men accordingly.

The fact that fatalities to firemen were comparatively few in Bonner's time is attributed to this knowledge. He knew at what time to withdraw his forces from dangerous places because his experience told him how long a wall or a roof would stand under the attacking force of the flames.

The Chief was not extremely popular with his men. He was too taciturn and self-contained for that, and he was, moreover, a very strict disciplinarian. But, on the other hand, the men had a very wholesome admiration and respect for him, and such confidence in his judgment that they always did unhesitatingly whatever he ordered. A fine example of this, and an example of discipline and force perhaps never equaled in the history of fire-fighting, was furnished during a conflagration on Broadway that occurred on election night in 1895. The other features of this fire were so sensational that this particular incident escaped newspaper attention. The fire was in a bank building at the corner of Bleecker Street and Broadway. A force of thirty firemen, with the officers, were on the fourth and fifth floors, pouring water on the flames below through the elevator shafts and from points of vantage. Suddenly and without warning the Bleecker Street wall of the building, from the roof to the pavement, fell outward.

There was a whirlwind of flame and smoke and the men inside naturally supposed that their time had come, that the entire building was going, and that they would be buried in the blazing ruins. With one accord they made for the Broadway front, and in an instant the windows on that side of the building were filled with firemen struggling to leap for their lives.

Bonner was down below and took in the situation in a flash. He knew that the men were panic-stricken and that they must inevitably be killed unless they could be instantly stopped.

"Stay where you are!" he shouted; "you're all right!" And then, as the men hesitated, he repeated the order: "Stay where you are!"

Automatically the frenzied firemen obeyed. They were so accustomed to doing what that voice ordered that there in the very presence of death, with a flaming abyss at their feet, their eyes blinded by smoke, they came to a standstill. Bonner knew that the iron work of the building would hold the floors at least long enough to get the men out. As usual, his judgment proved correct, and the thirty men were brought down without a single accident.

The Meeting of Two Governors

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw

THERE was a remarkable meeting at an Old Settlers' picnic in Dakota County, Nebraska, last summer, when Governor Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa, now Secretary of the Treasury, met Governor Ezra P. Savage for the first time in eighteen years, and there were tears in their eyes when they grasped each other's hands. It was a remarkable coincidence that the public careers of the two Governors of neighboring States began together, for Leslie M. Shaw, a stripling lawyer, won his first case before Justice of the Peace Savage, who was presiding for the first time.

Mr. Savage was Justice in the village of Buck Grove and his first case was a suit to collect a bill against a storekeeper. There seemed small chance that the case could be won, and when a slight, nervous young attorney appeared to prosecute, there was a smile of satisfaction on the fat storekeeper's face, and his attorney was condescending.

The trial was a very ordinary one with no chance to demonstrate any intimate knowledge of the law. But the responsibility of the occasion oppressed Justice Savage; the desperate resolve to win flustered the slight young lawyer, as he conclusively and incisively demonstrated that the law was on the side of his client.

Justice Savage deliberated a few moments for effect and then announced that he held for the plaintiff, with costs.

The young attorney put on his thin overcoat, and, smiling with satisfaction, turned to go out. Justice Savage called him over and asked him his name.

"Shaw, sir."

"Well, Mr. Shaw, I want to congratulate you on winning that case. You made the law very plain."

"Thank you," was the pleased reply of young Shaw.

"You haven't been practicing long hereabouts, have you?"

"No, this was my first case. Glad I won it."

"And this was my first trial."

And they shook hands again. From that day they were fast friends. Each watched the other's career with unusual interest, but for eighteen years they were too busy to meet.

When they did meet it was amid surroundings that were peculiarly striking, for about the two men the pioneers of Eastern Nebraska and Western Iowa mingled, and each Governor spoke on the subject of the transformations seen on the prairies since he was a boy.

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One of our new Dress Shoes for Men

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Made of finest Patent Leather which will not crack or break, with soft, dull kid top. New York toe. Medium extension sole

Forty other new shapes for men and women shown in our catalogue, which can be had for the asking and will keep you posted on correct shoe styles. Every size—all leathers—for all purposes. Best quality, perfect fit

The Crawford Shoe is sold everywhere. If you cannot purchase it in your town, you can be fitted by ordering through our

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MEN'S—NEW YORK: 93-95 Nassau St., 825 Broadway, 54 W. 23d St., 150 W. 125th St. BROOKLYN: 433 Fulton St. BOSTON: 160 Summer St., 169 Tremont St. WASHINGTON, D. C.: 909 Pennsylvania Ave. BALTIMORE: 208 E. Baltimore St.

WOMEN'S—BALTIMORE: [illegible] WASHINGTON, D. C.: [illegible] Ave. BOSTON: 169 Tremont St. [illegible] BROOKLYN: [illegible] NEW YORK: 150 W. 125th St., 54 W. 23d St., 825 Broadway [illegible]

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appeals to all well dressed men. It is the latest shape and made in three heights.

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See that this trade mark is on all the linen wear you buy.

Handsome "Book of Styles" will be mailed *free*. If your dealer should not have the picture on hand, send us his name and we will forward the name of a dealer who will supply you.

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Our 200 page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage. LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

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As Compared with Meat

One of the most valuable items in one's dietary is good, rich cream. The remark is frequently made that "cream is too expensive to use freely." Such people think they must have meat every day at 10 and 25 cents per pound, and do not realize that 5 cents' worth of pure cream for breakfast will do more to put on flesh than 25 or 30 cents' worth of meat. An ideal portion of breakfast is that obtained from say, four teaspoons of Grape-Nuts and a little, pure, thick cream. This is one of the most delicious dishes imaginable and is served without cooking or trouble of any kind and cannot be equaled in point of food value for the human body. The Grape-Nuts, consisting largely of grape sugar, have passed through processes similar to the first act of digestion and are therefore most easily digested and in combination with cream, they render the cream itself easy of digestion.

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Oddities and Novelties

# of Every-Day Science

Some Disappearing Fauna

In most of the important cities of the United States are parks, areas reverting to Nature, preserved in the midst of the turmoil for trade's space and made to be as near Nature as possible according to the degree of earnestness of the commissioners who control their management. Unfortunately, politics too often enters into the forces affecting the appointments, and commissioners are appointed who lack the zeal and knowledge required for park management as much as they would lack the ability to make a watch or to sing the song of the Seraphim.

To the park commissioners of the United States has, by accident, been relegated the duty of preserving types of our wild creatures in danger of absolute extinction.

The buffalo, or rather the bison, the direct descendant, or at least the cousin, of the aurochs of paleolithic times—and even now existing in a certain district in Lithuanian Russia—has practically disappeared, and is kept existent only by a few speculators or by one set of park commissioners or another.

The wild pigeon, whose vast flight all men of middle age must bear in mind, has also gone. The remnant of the wonderful migrants are now doubtless feeding and breeding in the comparatively uninhabited parts of South America.

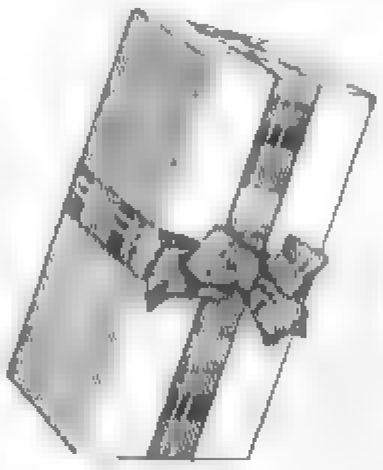
There is another inhabitant of the United States which is also in danger of extinction and which should be preserved. It is the black squirrel, formerly numerous in Illinois, Michigan and the Canadian forests of Ontario, and scattered elsewhere throughout the United States, but now almost extinct in the United States and abundant only in portions of Canada. Park commissioners have put squirrels in their parks, and a wonderful addition they are to the natural effect of the attempt to imitate Nature, but the commissioners seemingly get only the fox squirrel and the gray squirrel. Why not also have the black squirrel? The black squirrel becomes easily acclimated and almost semi-domesticated as do the other squirrels, though it is liable elsewhere to extirpation as the forests disappear. In parks, with a little care, it would readily acclimate and accommodate itself.

There is another creature that park commissioners should consider. It is the wolverine, the trade-mark of one of the great States of the Union, an animal remarkable in the fact that he has not changed from the time of the woolly rhinoceros or the great cave tiger. His bones have been found with their bones in ancient caves. He, the so-called glutton of Northern Europe and Asia, is one of the most interesting and curious animals in existence. He is still abundant in the northern fringe of the Northern States, and in British America and Alaska. Why is he, a creature so distinguished, not on view in the animal houses of any park of any note in the United States?

—*Stanley Waterloo.*

The War on Plant Parasites

If further experiments shall reinforce the almost conclusive results already obtained, the Agricultural Department will soon be able to announce that the prevention of all the fungoid parasitic diseases that attack plants is within the reach of all. Success so far may positively be claimed in connection with peaches, sea island cotton and cow peas, and there is little doubt that



Wine Jelly for Invalids

Put up as daintily as at home

At the Magasin de Luxe, Windsor Arcade
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UNDER THE SPECIFIC DIRECTION OF

Messrs. J. & G. Cox, Ltd., of Edinburgh, Scotland

Makers of Cox's Sparkling Gelatine

We certify that the Wine Jelly for Invalids put up at the Magasin de Luxe, New York, is under our direction and formula, and that the jelly thus prepared contains only our Gelatine, eggs, fresh lemons and high-grade sherry wine.

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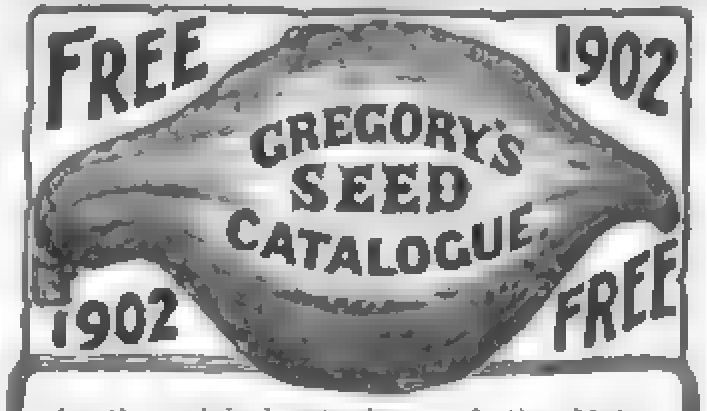
To appeal to the invalid, packages are put up as daintily as confections or flowers, and with as much care and at less expense than at home.

For the convenience of the public this jelly will shortly be available from the leading purveyors of the principal cities. Early attention will be insured by addressing the

MAGASIN DE LUXE
Windsor Arcade, Fifth Ave. and Forty-Sixth St., New York
Personally, by telephone, or by mail

Until other arrangements are made, and to enable the public to procure the jelly promptly, the Magasin de Luxe will forward a jar daintily and securely packed, with donor's card, charges paid to any part of the United States east of the Mississippi River, upon receipt of One Dollar



As the original introducer of the Miller Melon, Cory Corn, All Season's Cabbage, the Hubbard Squash, and a score of other vegetables that [illegible] over the United States, I offer the [illegible] headquarter's seed.
Send for free catalogue.
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A Beautiful Green Lawn In Six Weeks from Sowing
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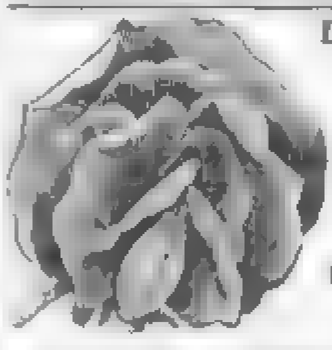
Special Offer We will send "Evergreen Lawn Grass [illegible] to addresses in U. S. or Canada [illegible] Quarts, 15c. Quart sows 200 [illegible] with Lawns," sent with all orders or free to prospective buyers. BY [illegible] OR FREIGHT, buyer [illegible] per bushel. Sow 80 pounds to one acre. Write for Seed Catalogue [illegible]
WOOD, STUBBS & CO., Seedsmen, Louisville, Ky.
FROM THE BLUE GRASS STATE



Double, Bush and Trailing
SWEET PEAS
Double Sweet Peas [illegible] White, [illegible]
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OUR GREAT CATALOGUE [illegible]
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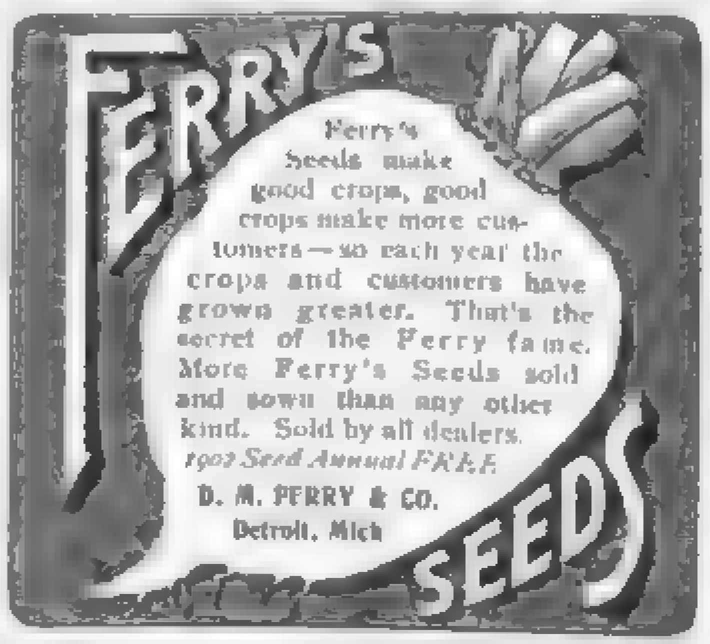

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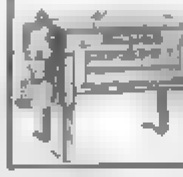

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on this complete little 60-egg Incubator. Three walls, safety lamp, a perfect regulating HAWKEYE JR. INCUBATOR, [illegible] $[illegible] Our new catalogue (oil painting cover) is now ready [illegible] booklet and a year's subscription [illegible] poultry journal, 10 cents.
Hawkeye Incubator Co., Dept. [illegible], Newton, Ia.

I am in everybody's mouth every day—or ought to be
SOLD ONLY IN A YELLOW BOX—for your protection. [illegible] face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. [illegible] handle and hook to hold it. [illegible] the only ones who like our brush. Adults' [illegible] By mail or at dealers.
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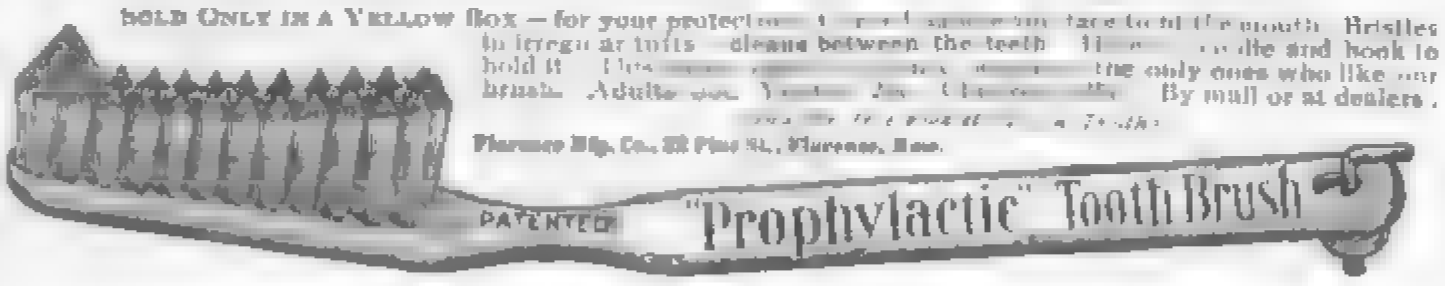
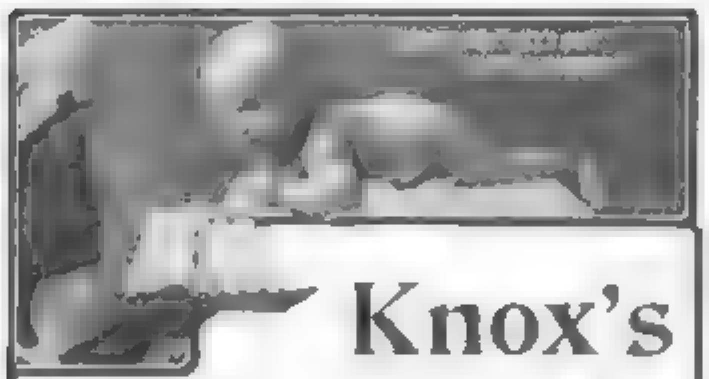
Florence Mfg. Co., 22 Pine St., Florence, Mass.





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Learn More About It

from my very valuable book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," which

I MAIL FREE

for the name of your grocer *or* for a two cent stamp. These desserts are suitable for everybody's every-day use

Knox's Gelatine is the Table Delight of Childhood. Children like its transparent beauty and parents know it will foster strength and health. For 5 cents in stamps I will mail the book and full pint sample. For 15 cents the book and full two-quart package [illegible] Pink color for fancy desserts in every package.

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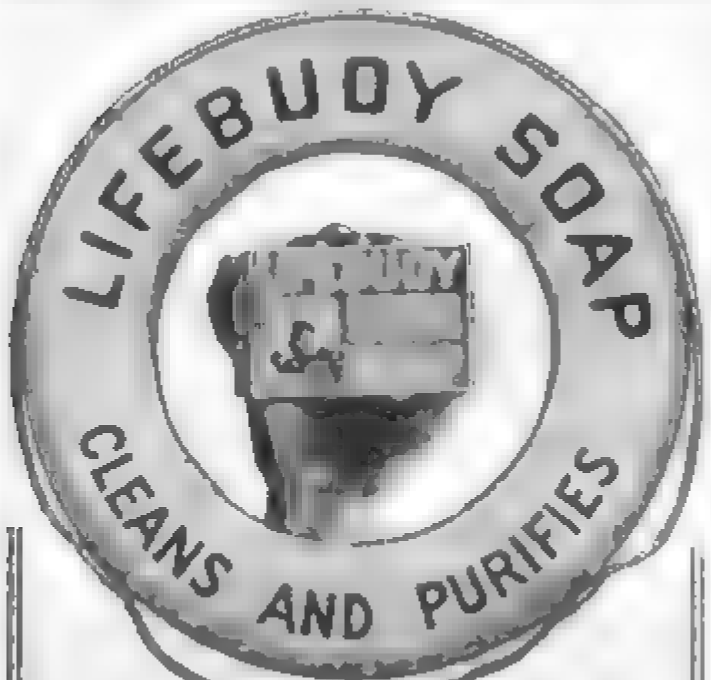
53 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



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Carton of 2 cakes of Lifebuoy Soap, if your dealer cannot supply you, on receipt of 10 cents to cover part of postage. Costs us 13 cents alone for postage to mail soap to you, hence soap is free. Valuable booklet of 24 pages free if you mention The Saturday Evening Post. Address -

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RAIN, SLUSH, TWIGS, DIRT, etc., are excluded from the workings of the

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by means of the unique breech bolt which [illegible] completely fills the opening in frame and adds greatly to the neat appearance of the arm. It keeps [illegible] Marlin [illegible] regards elegance of outline, perfection of balance, quality and finish. 120-page catalog [illegible] for [illegible]

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GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS have absolutely indestructible buttonholes, and are perfect in all respects. If your dealer tries to make you buy imitations, send 50 cents for sample pair.

OSTHEIMER BROTHERS, 621 Broadway, New York City

Our Leading Bicycle

High Grade 1900 Model

$9.95

[illegible] date in size, design and [illegible]. Weighs 21 pounds [illegible] a rider weighing 400 [illegible]. It is The Wonder Value of the Year [illegible] large [illegible]

MITCHELL & CO., Louisville, Ky

the methods successful with these will also prove applicable to most other plants. Even if this be not so, the success attained is of immense value. The frequent failure of the peach crop on account of "yellows," "peach leaf curl," and "little peach disease" is known to every one. In the sea-island region of the South, where the finest grades of American cotton are produced, hundreds of acres, including many fine farms, have been rendered worthless for cotton by a disease known as "wilt." Knowledge in regard to cow peas is less general, although these form the great forage and green fertilizer crop of the South. They are often alternated with cotton, as their roots possess the somewhat rare power of extracting the free nitrogen from the air and storing it up, ultimately leaving it in the soil for the benefit of other plants. Recently, whole fields of this have become "pea sick," nearly every plant dying while quite young.

All these diseases are due to fungus parasites, which, year by year, have been slowly but surely spreading through the country. Besides the external symptoms, they manifest themselves by causing knots to form on the roots, whereupon all the small fibres become distorted, swollen and incapable of fulfilling their proper functions, and this leads, of course, to the death of the plant. Every attempt to kill the fungus by the ordinary ways of treating the soil and the plants with fungicides failed utterly, and growers were in despair when the Department hit upon the cure.

When found it was so astoundingly simple that the only wonder was that no one had thought of it before. It seems that in many cotton fields, in many peach orchards, in many pea patches there were often observed to be one or more plants that refused to die with the rest and which survived to come to bearing. When the seeds—or cuttings—of these were sowed in the same soil, it was found that a large proportion of the resultant plants possessed the resistant power of the parent. Repeating this process of artificial selection again and again, sooner or later there developed a strain that was wholly resistant to the attacks of the fungus. When this was done the problem was solved.

New Artificial Fuels

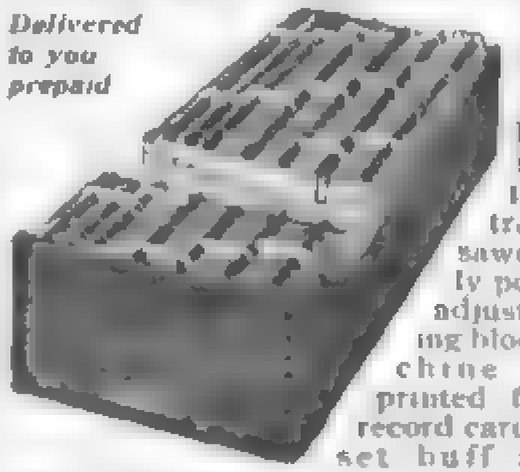
The newest thing in the way of artificial fuel is composed of four fifths ground gypsum and one fifth peat or other light vegetable substance, the mixture being moulded into cartridges. Its inventor claims that it is an excellent substitute for coal, and can be cheaply manufactured.

As yet such manufactured fuels have not come into use to any great extent in this country, coal and wood being plentiful, but in Europe they are decidedly popular. One of the most important problems attacked by inventors of artificial fuel is the utilization of coal dust, which at present goes largely to waste. It is mixed with clay and compressed into bricks for locomotives, petroleum frequently being added to give additional combustibility.

The clay brick, light and porous, which is to be soaked in kerosene and put into the kitchen range, only requiring to be ignited, had some vogue a few years ago in New England, though persons who tried it soon gave it up because the extraordinary quantity of soot which it gave off blackened both food and cooking utensils.

Cartridges of charcoal and ashes are largely used in Japan for domestic fuel, and for similar purposes sawdust and ashes have been combined, with some petroleum to make the compound burn. For fuels composed of garbage, dried and mixed with seaweeds, leaves, clam-shells, and other ingredients, there are numerous patents recorded at Washington, while the every-day corncob soaked in coal oil is a familiar and primitive device. Even green weeds and grass have been cut and pressed into cartridges for the family cook stove.

The use of dried salmon and other fishes on the northwest coast for fuel has long been well known. Probably the most extraordinary of all artificial fuels is the Egyptian mummy which an iconoclastic age has turned to account on a very considerable scale for cooking and heating, and even for running locomotives—a mode of employment for which the sacred ibis, as well as the equally revered cat and crocodile, contemporary with the Pharaohs, have proved well adapted.



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RARELY IF EVER HAS FIVE DOLLARS

bought greater value than offered by the No. 3 Columbia Zither. In tone, workmanship [illegible] all that goes to make a perfect instrument the

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are the world's standard. Being readily played without a teacher they are both educational and entertaining. The [illegible] bass notes are arranged in groups [illegible] accompaniment playing [illegible]

Your music [illegible] the Columbia [illegible]

The Phonoharp Co., Dept. P, 148 Liverpool St., E. Boston, Mass.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS Superior to all others.

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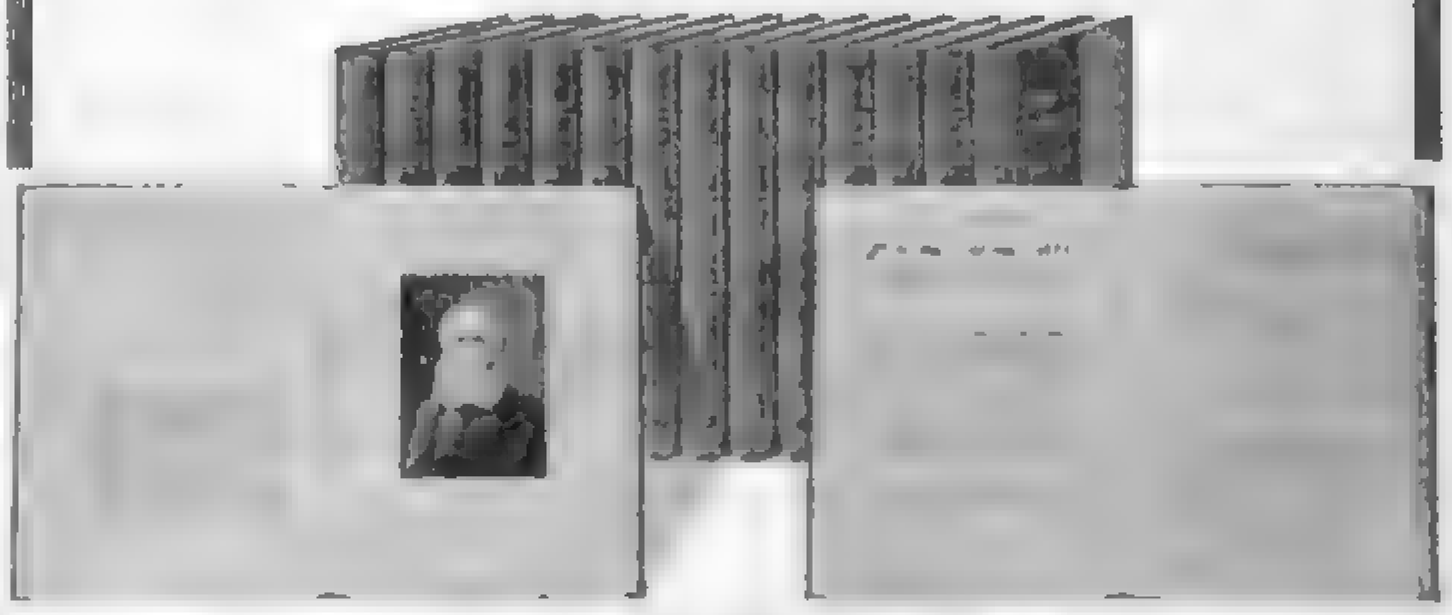

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New York Philadelphia

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Without cost to me, please [illegible]

Name

Coupon Address

HERE are a few letters recently received regarding the famous

Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress $15.

Express charges prepaid. Sold on 30 nights' Free Trial — money returned if it is not even all you *hoped*. See also note at bottom of this advertisement

New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Co.

OSTERMOOR & Co. New York, April 8, 1897
Gentlemen: The Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses that I bought of you in 1893 have proven perfectly satisfactory in every regard, and we think them excellent
Very truly yours
GEORGE H DANIELS,
General Passenger Agent

Treasury Dept., U. S. Revenue Cutter Service

OSTERMOOR & Co. Washington, D C, Dec. 5, 1899
Gentlemen: Your Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses, Pillows, Boat Cushions, etc., have been adopted exclusively for use of the Revenue Cutter Service. It affords me great pleasure to say that they have given perfect satisfaction in all particulars, and in wear, cleanliness, elasticity and durability we deem them better than hair or any other mattress known
C F. SHOEMAKER, Captain R. C. S

E. H. Gregory, M. D, St Louis, Mo.

OSTERMOOR & Co 3525 [illegible] Ave. Feb. 11, 1900
Dear Sir: Your Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses have been in use in my house since 1877. During this time twenty-three years, they have constantly grown in favor, remaining always the same, requiring no remaking
Yours truly, E. H. GREGORY

Lord, Owen & Co., Chicago, Ill.

OSTERMOOR & Co. 72 & 74 Wabash Ave Jan. 6, 1900
Gentlemen: About five years ago I was induced to give your mattress a comparative trial with a first-class curled-hair mattress which was the best that money could buy. I have used your mattress constantly ever since, and it gives me much pleasure to state that I find it to be in all respects as comfortable, agreeable, and as satisfactory as any mattress I have ever used, and your claims as to its wonderful merits and superiority over all others I believe are fully sustained
Respectfully yours, THOMAS LORD

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a handsome little volume of 82 pages, finely illustrated, that tells the whole story and gives some interesting facts and surprising figures. You are under no obligation to buy — only send for the book

Not for sale by stores. This statement has no exceptions. Our name and guarantee on every genuine mattress. If you *really* want an Ostermoor Mattress, you must call or write to

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The Black Cat
Expanding Loop Garter

has the only valuable improvement ever made in a garter loop. It appeals to men because the expanding loop is a flexible metal clasp that adjusts itself to every thickness of stocking and holds it firmly

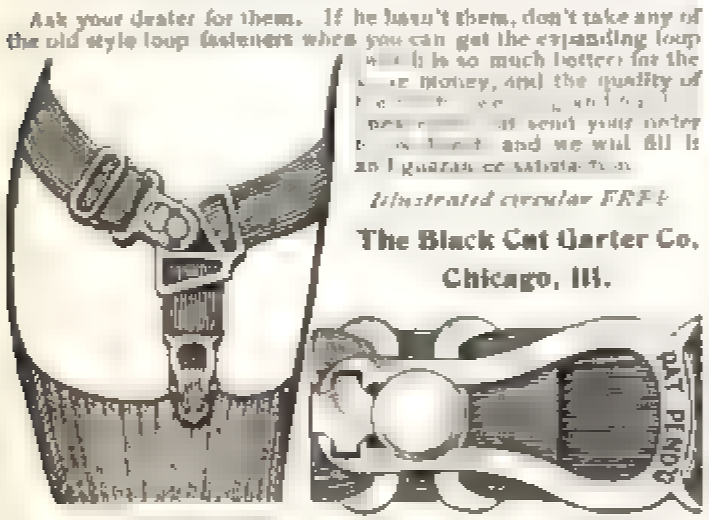
But Never Cuts or Tears the Finest Hose

for under strain it gives a little. The best silk webbing in Black, White, Cardinal, Gold, Pink or Blue, **25c.**

Ask your dealer for them. If he hasn't them, don't take any of the old style loop fasteners when you can get the expanding loop which is so much better for the same money, and the quality of [illegible] send your order [illegible] and we will fill it and guarantee satisfaction.

Illustrated circular FREE

The Black Cat Garter Co., Chicago, Ill.



PIANO Our unique method of selling [illegible]. Where no dealer sells our pianos we sell direct, practically bringing our large Boston establishment, Factory and Warerooms to your door. We will quote you our lowest prices, explain our Easy Pay System, as available in the most remote village in the United States as if you lived in Boston or New York. More than this, if our careful selection of a piano fails to please you, in other words, if you don't want it after seeing and trying it, it returns to us and we pay railroad freights both ways. We solicit correspondence

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Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. *Booklet free.*
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The Reading Table

Illegible Writing

When the instructors at Rugby took a lad to task for his poor penmanship he replied "Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do; it is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English Army doing service in the Crimean War. An order he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and cost many brave fellows their lives

Of course, it is true that the handwriting of many men of genius has been hopelessly bad. But such men have been great in spite of their faults. Imitation in this direction is decidedly unsafe. Even a great author's *style* can rarely be imitated with success. There is a passage in Macaulay's Diary which is full of significance. "I looked through ——," he says. "He is, I see, an imitator of me, but I am a very unsafe model. My manner is, I think, and the world thinks, on the whole, a good one, but it is very near to a very bad manner indeed. And those clear characteristics of my style which are the most easily copied are the most questionable.'

But whatever may be thought of the folly of imitating the style of an author, to seek to emulate his greatness by imitating his handwriting would seem as hopeless a venture as that of certain South Sea Islanders who are said to deceive themselves with the fancy that they can acquire the desirable qualities of a great man by eating him

The writer of execrable scrawls may, indeed, often find himself in great company, for the number of great men who have written badly seems almost legion. Byron, for example, wrote what would seem to be, at a glance, a schoolboy's sprawling hand, and Sydney Smith's manuscript was the woe of printers. A certain college student once remarked "If I were to write better people would find out how I spell." The same may have been true, perhaps, of the witty Canon of St. Paul's, for he was a notoriously poor speller

The first Napoleon's writing was even worse than Rufus Choate's, which, it has been declared, could not be deciphered "without the help of a pair of compasses and a quadrant." Napoleon's letters to Josephine, from Germany, were so illegible that the wits of that day asserted that they were not love-letters, but maps of the seat of war. Dean Stanley's *style* was as transparent as plate glass, but his correspondents found it difficult to read even the signature to his letters. Mr Gladstone was said to have spoiled his hand by his overindulgence in post-cards. Professor Huxley was one of the most lucid of English writers, yet his manuscript was very hard to decipher. Verily, viewed from some standpoints, it would seem as if greatness and legible writing were not on friendly terms.

It may be safely asserted, however, that men of genius rarely, if ever, pride themselves upon their poor handwriting. "I write a detestable hand," says Mr. Labouchere, the well-known English editor; and he further declares: "I am sure that I spend an hour every week trying to decipher signatures, and all those who receive many letters must do the same."

Perhaps the most incorrigible of all bad writers, among men of undoubted genius, was Rufus Choate. His handwriting, as is well known, was execrable. He once sent a note of advice to Webster concerning an important case. After struggling in vain to decipher it, Webster impatiently exclaimed "This fellow advises me what to do, and I can't read a single word of his infernal

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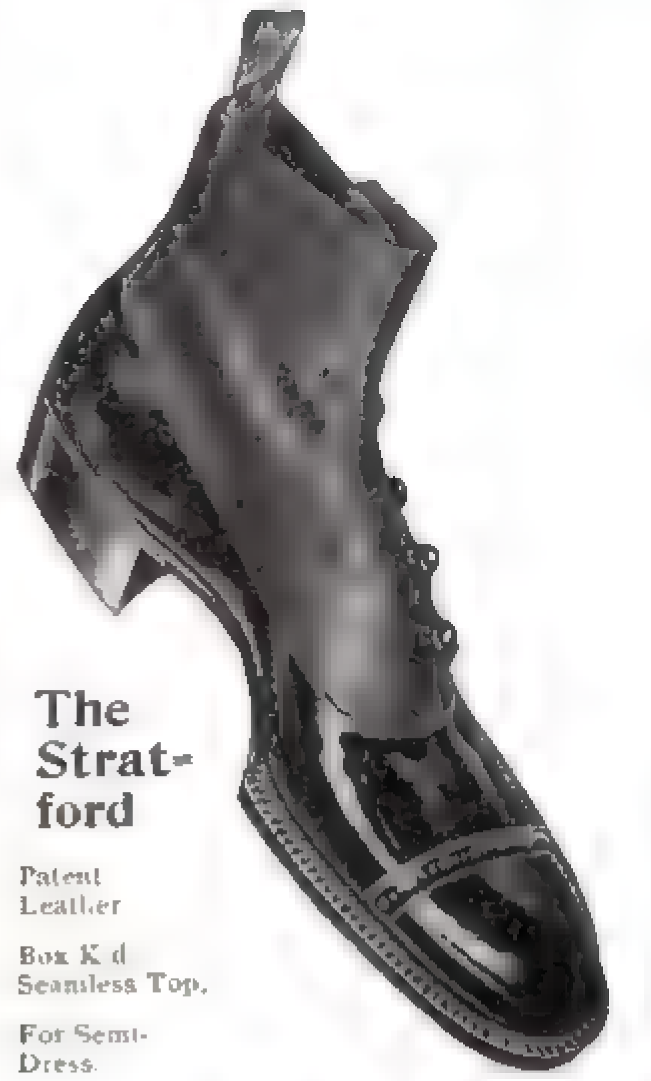

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hieroglyphics." A certain Bostonian presented, among other papers, a copy of a letter to President Buchanan from Rufus Choate, with a note stating that he sent a copy because he knew that the President could never decipher the original, and that he had left blanks for some words which he could not himself transcribe. Choate himself seemed conscious of this infirmity, and once wittily remarked to a presiding judge: "I write well, your Honor, but *slowly*."

As already indicated, the subject has a serious side as well. Few seem to realize that thoughtless negligence in this direction may be attended by most serious consequences when least expected. The address on the letter is illegible—the note goes to protest, and the fortunes of a great house are in the dust, while the all-important message, on which the fate of the firm had hung, has been sent to the Dead Letter Office. "We have no scales by which we can weigh our faithfulness to duties, or determine their relative importance in God's eyes." That which seems a trifle to us may be the secret spring which shall move the issues of life and death.

—*William J. Tilley*

How the Roosevelts Go Riding

At about four o'clock on any fine afternoon in Washington an interesting little scene takes place in the grounds of the White House.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt usually choose late in the afternoon for their ride together on horseback. First, a groom and an orderly, this latter being a soldier in uniform, make their appearance with three horses from the White House stables. One of the horses bears a side saddle, and is evidently intended for Mrs. Roosevelt. The animals are led back and forth along the smooth gravel road for a few minutes, and then the President and his wife are seen coming down over the greensward from the Executive Mansion. They are followed by a trusted man-servant.

Presently the master and mistress of the White House mount. The President leaps briskly into his saddle, while the orderly holds his horse. Mrs. Roosevelt mounts with the assistance of the servant, while her mare and the orderly's horse are held by the groom. Then the big iron gates are thrown open, and the distinguished couple, followed by the orderly, go galloping away.

The man-servant's intrusion into the scene is the interesting part of it. Of course, the groom and the orderly could easily hold the three horses, but it is out of the question, as a matter of military etiquette, for the soldier to hold a woman's horse, even though she be the wife of the Commander in Chief of the Army. To hold the President's horse is a matter of ordinary military routine, but to perform the same duty for a lady would be considered menial service. Nor can the orderly, the soldier, allow his post by the President to be taken by the groom. Hence the man-servant brought from the house.

The orderly is said to be the best revolver shot in the army. It is said that he can hit a swallow on the wing nearly every time with a pistol bullet. His instructions are to follow Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt at a discreet distance, and to keep a sharp lookout for anybody who may act in a suspicious manner. It would be a very difficult thing for an ill-disposed person to attack the President under such circumstances without being shot to death before he had a chance to do any mischief.

GRAY DAYS

By Charles W. Stevenson

A steel-white sky, no wind, no rain,
  A wandering flake of snow,
Along the hills an amber stain
  Where maples grow—
A solemn landscape, sad and still,
Waiting the winter's will.

Indoors, a sense of cheerlessness,
  A spirit burning low,
Slow tides of feeling full of stress
  As rivers flow—
Thought, lustreless as pallid rays,
Down lonely, leafless ways.

Gray days of winter, sombre, drear,
  Sifting a bitter ash
Upon the gloomy house of Fear;
  What joy they dash—
Better the storm-winds madly blow!
Better the falling snow.

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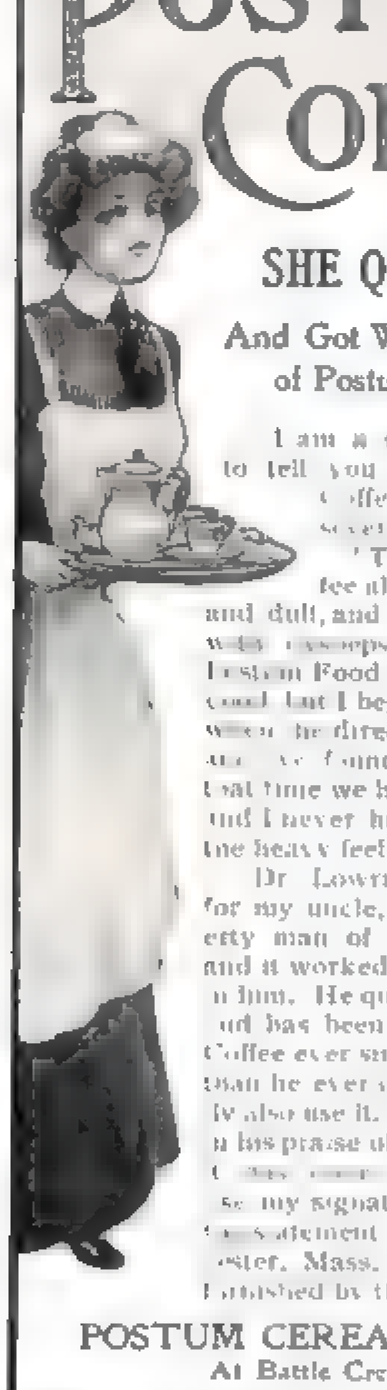

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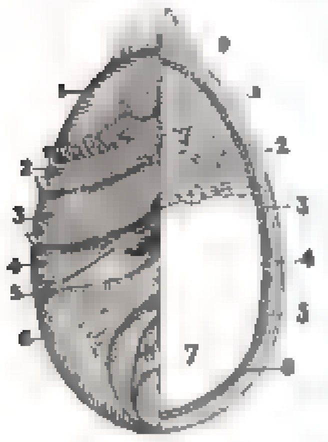

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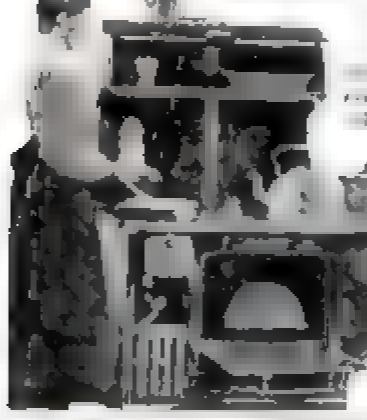

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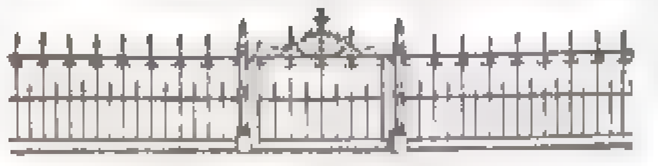

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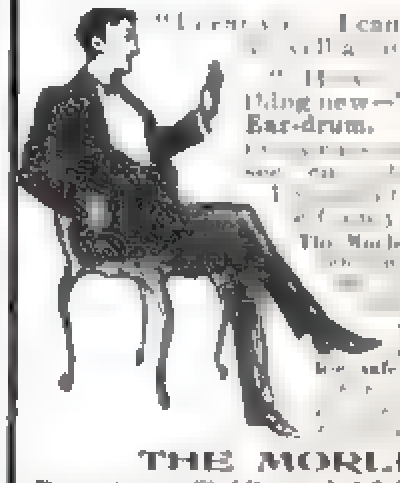

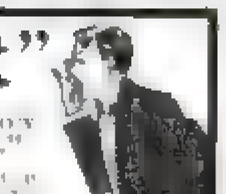

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Our Federal Bankruptcy Act

By Dorr A. Kimball

WITH one accord the entire commercial interests of America are asking: "What will Congress do with the national bankruptcy law?" Every merchant, manufacturer, tradesman, lawyer and man of affairs who is in touch with the forces that are shaping the trend of business events knows that the repeal or the material amendment of the Federal bankruptcy act now in force is one of the most vital and significant pieces of legislation now before the lawmakers of the National Congress

All probabilities point to amendment instead of repeal. At a recent meeting of their national association, the credit men of the United States took definite action by urging the passage of an amendment known as the "Ray bill." This strikes at a correction of the gravest defect of the existing bankruptcy act, and holds that "payments or partial payments on account, without intention on the part of the debtor to prefer or acknowledge on the part of the creditor that the debtor is either insolvent or intended to prefer, should not be held as preferences."

The necessity for such an amendment arises from one of the most celebrated and far-reaching decisions in the history of bankruptcy litigation. In the famous Carson, Pirie, Scott and Company case, the United States Supreme Court held that partial payments "on account" made within four months previous to filing a petition in bankruptcy, although without the knowledge on the part of the creditors receiving such payment that the debtor was in a condition of insolvency, must be refunded before the creditor could be allowed to participate in the estate of the insolvent. On the other hand, an account paid in full during that period was upheld

This not only gave the creditor who pushed his claim without leniency an unqualified advantage, but it also compelled the creditor who had shown mercy to accept a partial payment as full settlement of the claim or to take his chances that his percentage of the estate would yield him a larger amount than the payment "on account" already in hand Such a choice frequently involves a problem of extreme difficulty amounting to mere guesswork. Though the correction of this phase of the law would be greatly in the interest of justice, the relief thus afforded would be at best temporary, incidental and inadequate. Nothing short of the repeal of the entire act can satisfy the full demand of commercial fairness

The Immorality of the Law

The ethics of the bankruptcy act cannot be more succinctly stated than in the words of Hon. Christian C. Kohlsaat, of the United States District Court, who recently declared "This law is needed only in times of financial depression. . . . . But it would not do for this law to be a permanent thing. It is an immoral thing to contract debts to be canceled by law. It is an immoral thing to lose sense of honor and pay debts by going into bankruptcy. And it is an immoral thing for a land to have a law in force always which would permit dishonest men to get the better of their creditors. This law may be all right for a year. After that time it should be repealed."

What is the practical operation of the bankruptcy law now in force? It affords the shiftless, tricky and dishonorable a sure and safe means of preying upon the merchant who is doing an honorable and legitimate business. And this advantage is used with the most shameless effrontery. As an example of this practice let me state an instance which came under my personal observation

A merchant who had but recently passed his affairs through the bankruptcy mill, thereby absolving himself from seventy per cent. of his indebtedness, applied to me for credit. Our previous dealings had been entirely on a cash basis. He gave me a written statement that he had, in his own right, a business capital of $10,000. When asked to explain how he could be worth this amount of money on the heels of bankruptcy proceedings which yielded his creditors only thirty per cent. of their claims, he smilingly replied that his affairs had been in the hands of a very careless attorney. The latter was so forgetful that he neglected to schedule, with the petition in bankruptcy, an asset of $10,000. This was not discovered until immediately after the court had issued the discharge. Of course, it was a

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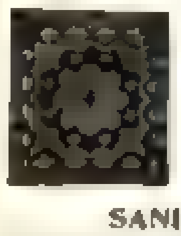

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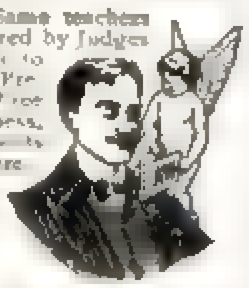

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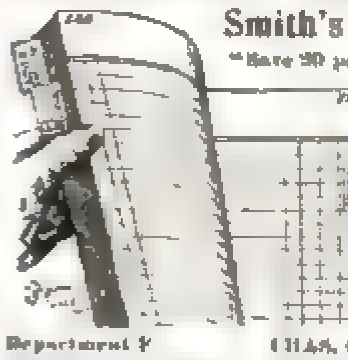

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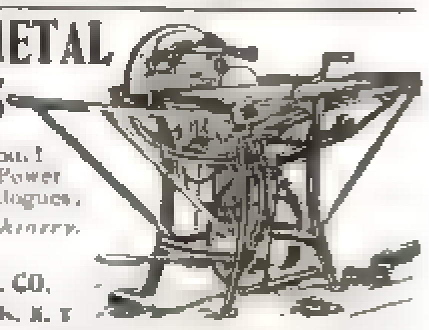

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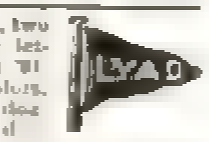

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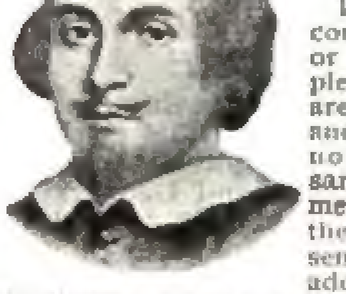

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great surprise; but there was nothing to do but make the best of this stroke of legal carelessness — and this was what he was trying to do!

Another significant light on the practical workings of this law is to be had by reading the advertisements of bankruptcy lawyers. These may be seen in almost any of the metropolitan daily papers or in the so-called legal journals. I recall one such advertisement which set forth the fact that the total expense of passing through bankruptcy was guaranteed to be only forty dollars. Another urged that all persons burdened with indebtedness should take immediate advantage of the law, as its repeal was being agitated and the golden opportunity was likely soon to be closed. From the records of some courts, however, it would seem that very few persons have neglected to rid themselves of their obligations by this legalized method of escape. For example, between July 1, 1898, when the law went into effect, and December 31, 1899, 489 petitions in bankruptcy were filed in the United States Court at Birmingham, Alabama; 247 at Montgomery, and a total of 900 in the entire State. Of the 247 filed in the capital city of the commonwealth 244 were voluntary petitions. In this connection it should be said that there is no particular reason for the belief that Alabama is more fortunate than her sister States in the number of citizens willing to absolve themselves from their indebtedness through the convenient agency provided by this law.

An incidental effect of this law is a terrific blow to general legal practice. One brilliant and witty attorney summarizes the effect of this act upon his calling as follows:

"When a firm failed, prior to the time when this law went into effect, the lawyers got ninety-nine per cent. of the assets, the creditor who was the sharpest and liveliest hustler got one per cent., and the rest got what the boy shot at. Now the bankrupt files his petition, gets his discharge, snaps his fingers at the men who were indiscreet enough to sell him goods, and proceeds to acquire a new assortment of creditors."

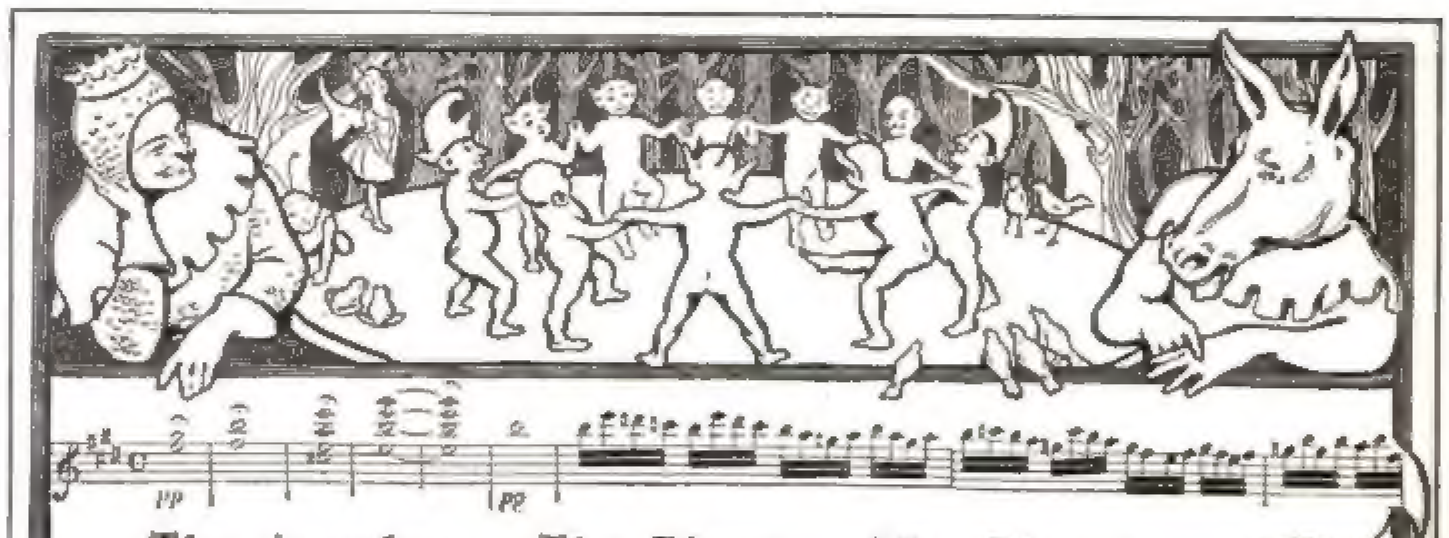
Gross Abuses by the Debtors

So liberal, from the debtors' viewpoint, are the provisions of the present law, that it is abused in a wholesale way by men who are eager to escape small debts. When the cost of going through bankruptcy is only forty dollars — and sometimes less — it will be seen that a very small indebtedness is sufficient to tempt a man to use this expedient. Recently a mechanic owing a board bill of a little more than $100 filed a petition. The widow to whom this amount was due was told that the law would give her almost nothing. She exclaimed: "How can such things be in this country?" and was led sobbing out of the court-room. The pathos of the scene touched the hearts of all — save the delighted petitioner.

An inevitable result of the bankruptcy act as now construed by the Supreme Court is to make commercial houses extremely conservative in the extension of credits. This must, of necessity, work hardship to many tradesmen who, but for the easy means of evading their obligations possible through this act, would be much more liberally dealt with by the wholesalers. This enforced curtailment of credit and denial of extensions cause many to go into bankruptcy who might otherwise have pulled through, paying their entire obligations dollar for dollar.

A glance at the history of bankruptcy acts shows that the public conscience is becoming gradually hardened on this score. The first law of this kind was passed in the dark days immediately following the Revolutionary War. It was limited to five years, but was repealed in three years because the public became convinced that it was subjected to abuse. Next came the act of 1841, following the panic of 1837. Again the conscience of the people quickly reasserted itself after only thirteen months of operation. In 1867 our commercial integrity suffered another assault in the form of a Federal bankruptcy statute, and the results were so disastrous that this was repealed with considerable promptness. About the same time England endured the same kind of a moral relapse, which caused one of Great Britain's celebrated jurists to observe: "While this measure continues in force no man with a proper sense of his duty to his family will think of paying twenty shillings in the pound."

In view of all these and many other equally convincing facts I cannot escape the conviction that the present bankruptcy act has long outlived the period of its legitimate expediency and should, for the commercial honor of our country, be wiped from the statute book.



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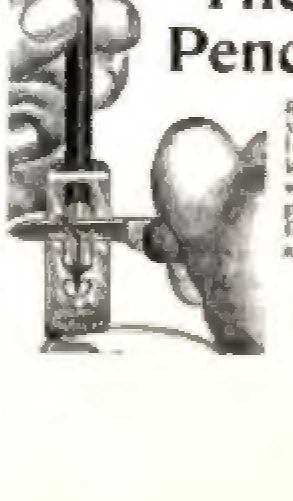

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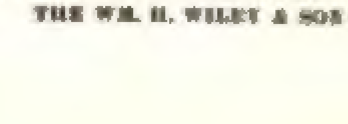

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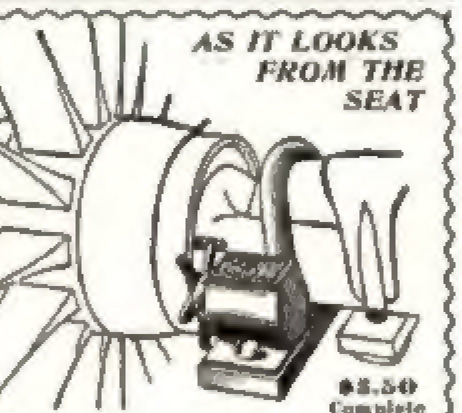

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The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

(Continued from Page 10)

sought out Crawling Elk, and told him of his fears and repeated his resolution, as they sat together as the sun was going down and the crier was calling the second council.

The people were slow in coming together and darkness was falling as the head men again took their seats. A small fire had been built in the centre of the circle and toward this at last, like nocturnal insects, the larger number of the people in the two camps slowly concentrated.

The wind had gone down and the night was dark and still and warm. The people gathered in comparative silence, though the laugh of a girl occasionally broke from the clustering masses of the women to be followed by a mutter of jests from the young men who stood, close-packed, behind the older members of the bands. Excitement had deepened since the morning, for in some way the news had passed from lip to lip that the chiefs had discovered the evil-doer.

On their part the chieftains were slow to begin their painful task. They smoked in silence till the fire was twice replenished, or talked in low tones among themselves. At last Crawling Elk arose and made a speech similar to that of the morning. He recounted the tale of the murdered white man and the details of finding the body, and ended by saying: "We are commanded by the Agent to find the ones who have done this evil deed. If any one knows anything about this let him come forward and speak. It is not right that we should all suffer for the wrongdoing of some reckless young warriors."

"Come forth and speak — any one who knows!" called the head men, looking round.

Looking very grave, Elk rose. "We mean you, young men — you, too," he said, turning to the women. "If any of you have heard anything of this matter — speak!"

Then the silence fell again on the circle of old men. They were very reluctant to begin to question Cut-Finger's relatives.

Elk was just handing the pipe to Grayman in order to speak, when a low mutter and a jostling called attention to the dark side of the circle and, a moment later, decked in war-paint and carrying a rifle, gay with beads and feathers, Cut-Finger bounded silently into the circle, and stood motionless as a statue, and haughtily as a king awaiting sentence.

A low moaning sound swept over the assembly, and every eye was fixed upon the young man. "Ah! Ah!" the women cried in astonishment and fear, and then two or three began a low, sad, wailing chant. Death seemed to stretch a black wing over the council.

Every lip was burdened with the same word: "This is the man!" No one was in doubt. By his weapons, by his war-paint, by his bared head (decked with eagle plumes), and by the haughty droop of his eyelids, Cut-Finger proclaimed louder than words:

"I am the man who killed the herder."

Standing so, his disordered brain stirred to outcry, he began to sing a wild song: "I alone killed him — the white man. He was a thief and I killed him. No one helped me — I alone fired the shot. He will drive his sheep no more on Tetong lands. He lies there in the short grass. It was I, Cut-Finger, who did it." As his chant died away in a guttural snarl he turned and said, "I go to the hills," and before the old men could lift hand to stay him he vanished among the young men of the outer circle, and a moment later the loud drumming of his pony's hoofs could be heard as he rode away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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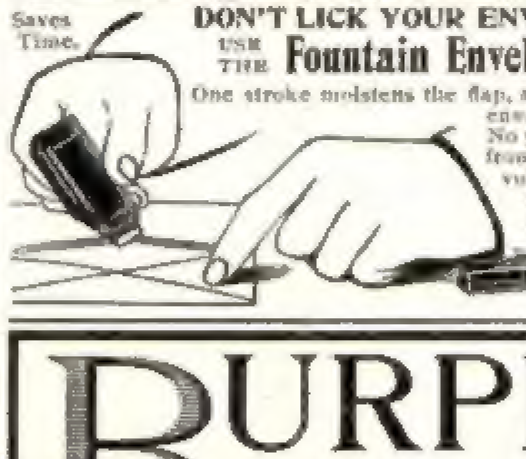

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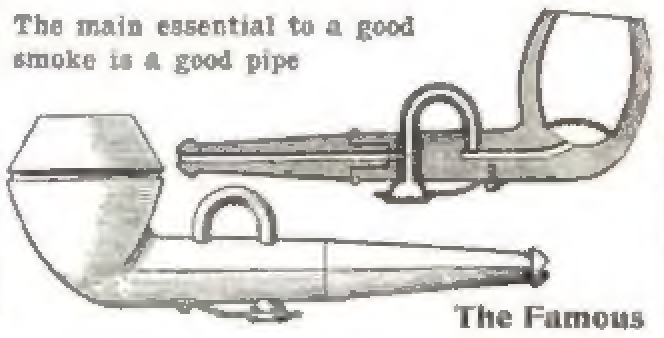

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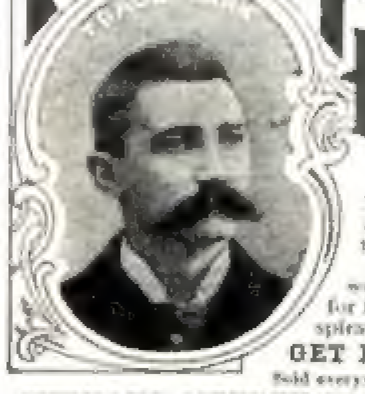

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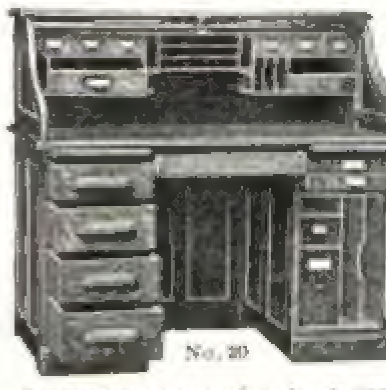

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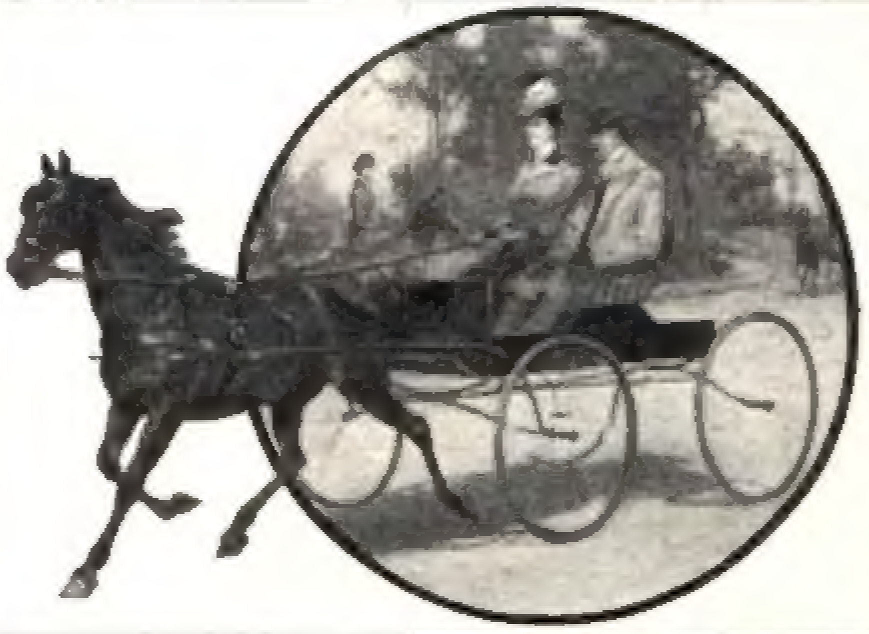

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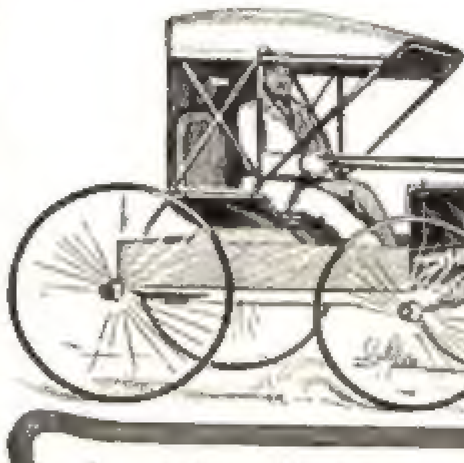

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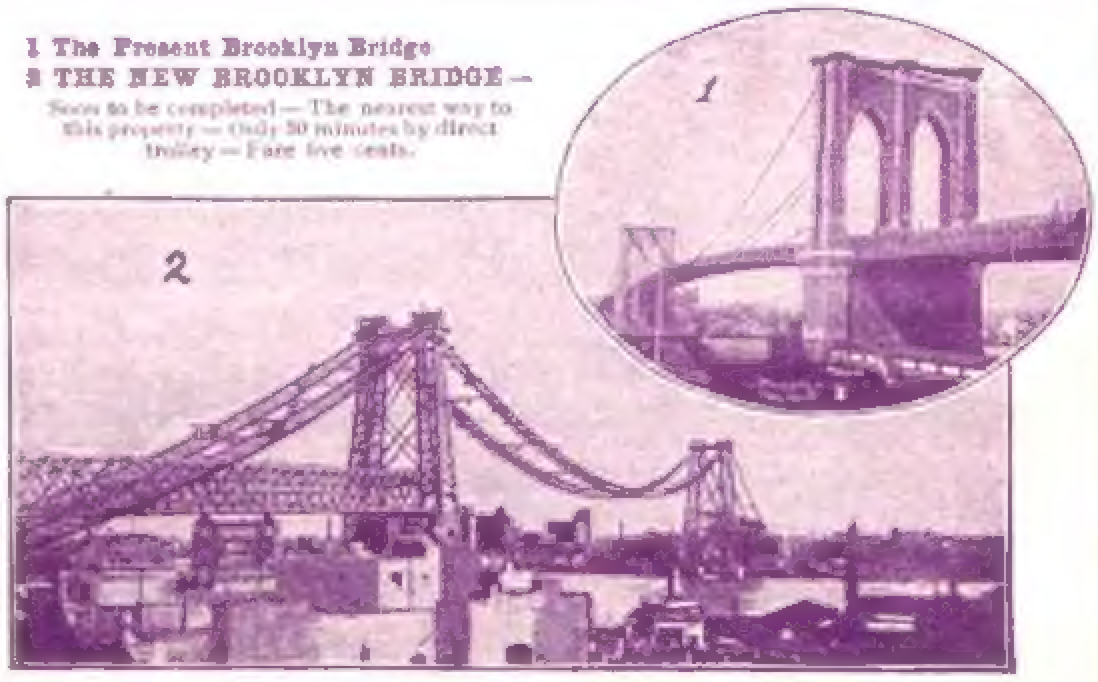
A Rugby Residence, E. 46th St.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, in the famous "Campaign of Long Island," led the Continental Army across Brooklyn, encamping upon the plain now known as "Rugby." Little did any one then dream how densely populated and how immensely valuable that vacant territory would one day become. Ever since that time the increase of population and of real estate values on Manhattan Island has been continuous—the one in almost exact proportion to the other. It is matter of common knowledge that the big fortunes of the old New York families began with the enormous profits accruing from early investments here. More money has been made by the increase in value of real estate in New York City than anywhere else in America.

The time for modest investment in the older city of New York is of course long since past, but when the circle was enlarged recently the opportunities were extended, and now there is just as good an opportunity to repeat what has been done in past years, in Greater New York; especially now that the great river is being bridged and tunneled—bringing Brooklyn and Kings County as close to New York City Hall as many of the most valuable sections of Manhattan Island.

Since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, with the increased facilities of rapid transit, the immense tide of increased population has turned Brooklynward, and the territory once tramped by the old Continentals is to-day building up with marvelous rapidity and consequent increase of values. The attention of the public has been called to the great advantages of Brooklyn because it is only in that direction that New York can grow—*please note that point, as it is the keynote to the situation.* The influx of people into Brooklyn is so great as to severely tax Brooklyn Bridge—as a result new bridges are being built (one of which is nearly completed) and tunnels are being dug beneath the East River. Not only is Brooklyn Borough the only section in which New York can grow, but property in old New York City, the same distance from City Hall, would cost twenty to forty times the money—*note that point, also, carefully;* **it is absolutely true.**

1 The Present Brooklyn Bridge
2 THE NEW BROOKLYN BRIDGE—
Soon to be completed—The nearest way to this property—Only 30 minutes by direct trolley—Fare five cents.



LISTEN TO OUR STORY

It is our business to study conditions existing or possible in the various cities of the United States, and we have aided in the development of 25 different cities. After 12 years' careful study in New York without purchasing, in 1898 we saw the trend of affairs, and before the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn we bought over 1500 acres of the choicest land in Brooklyn, and which is now in the heart of that borough. This land is only 3½ miles from Brooklyn Bridge and only 35 minutes from New York City Hall. We have over $2,000,000 invested in this land and are making it one of the most beautiful spots of New York. The growth of the city, together with our improvements, has increased the value of the property over 25 per cent. since a year ago, and we feel so sure that the increase will continue that we think there is no risk in guaranteeing for the next year a **20 per cent. increase.**

HERE'S OUR PROPOSITION

Our property is improved in exact accordance with City Specifications. Streets 60, 80 and 100 feet wide, built to City grade, bordered on each side by 5 feet granolithic sidewalks, flower beds, trees and shrubbery, city water, gas, etc., all at our expense. For $10 down and $1.50 per week, or $6 per month, we sell you a regular New York City lot, full size, subject to the following guarantees from us:

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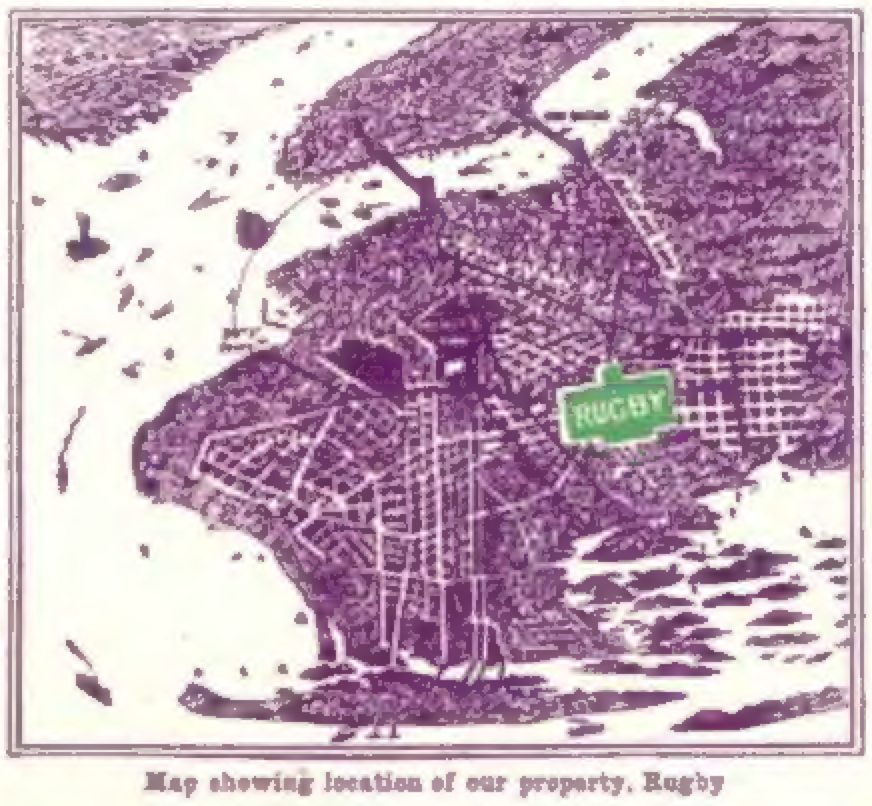
If at the expiration of the year 1902 this $480 lot is not worth $576—or 20 per cent. increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all of the money you have paid us with 6 per cent. interest additional.

If you should die at any time before payments have been completed we will give to your heirs a deed to the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

As a further guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation; or *in case you buy*, to credit cost of the fare on your purchase; to those living farther away than Chicago we will pay an amount equal to round trip Chicago ticket.



Map showing location of our property, Rugby

SEND US $10 ONLY

and we will reserve you one of the best unsold lots, then you may pay $6 per month until the full amount is paid; *this gives you all the benefit of the increase in value from the time you make the first payment;* but send us your name at least, and we will mail you **maps and full information free.**

Titles are guaranteed to us by the Title Guarantee & Trust Co., of New York City

AS AN INVESTMENT

we believe this to be one of the safest, surest and most profitable that could be entered into. It is safer than a Savings Bank, as it is not subject to panic, while the prospective profits are infinitely greater. It is the surest, because as a matter of history New York City property has steadily increased in value ever since the city was originally formed. It is bound to be profitable, because there is no other land within the same distance of New York City Hall that can be had for anything near as low a price. This because New York has become so congested that the "density belt" has advanced to the very gates of our properties, which are directly **in the line of this development.**

You will note three distinct points of advantage in this proposition. First—It is a Life Insurance for your family. Second—It enables you to pay in small sums as you would in your savings bank and cannot cramp you; and, Third—It enables you to participate in the great growth of values in New York real estate which are due to natural conditions; and furthermore, the three advantages are **absolutely without risk.**

EXAMPLES OF NEW YORK CITY INCREASE

Lot on corner 116th Street and 3d Avenue, New York City, worth in 1881 $1500, sold in spring of 1901 for $70,000 to Henry Lewis Morris. His grandfather sold it for $155 in 1853.

Lot on 80th Street, opposite Central Park, sold in 1850 for $500. In 1901 brought a price that showed an increase of $500 every 60 days from 1850 to 1901.

NOTE OUR REFERENCES

The Commercial Agencies, 20 National Banks, and 30,000 customers all over the United States, whose testimony is the best evidence of the sterling character of our proposition. Send to us for some of their letters. It will cost you nothing to thoroughly satisfy yourself on all points. We solicit closest investigation. References by hundreds. **Our reputation is national.**

The following testimonial was given us by the Nassau National Bank of Brooklyn: "*There is no doubt the property offered by Wood, Harmon & Co. in the Twenty-ninth Ward represents one of the best investments a man of limited income can possibly make within the corporate limits of Greater New York. It can be said without hesitancy that Wood, Harmon & Co. are perfectly reliable and are worthy the fullest confidence of the investor, whether he resides in Greater New York or any other section of the United States.—THE NASSAU NATIONAL BANK OF BROOKLYN.*"

Corner Utica Avenue and Linden Boulevard, Rugby
Every improvement you see has been made within six months

Our Final Word of Counsel

These lots are SELLING VERY FAST. Sit down at once and send us $10 to secure one. If you are not perfectly satisfied on examining our entire proposition, we will gladly refund your $10. Take this first step now and

You'll Never Regret It!

Business and residential blocks, corner Flatbush and Linden Avenues, only 3000 feet from Rugby

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